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Thesis

D.H.LAWRENCE: MAN AND ARTIST

by

Helen Mamas

(B.S.in Journalism, Boston University, 1945)

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requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

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First Reader.....

Professor of English

Second Reader.....

Professor of English

to Mr. Smith, for the primary impetus to write a study on H.L. Lawrence, for hours of interesting discourse as a human being, and for providing numerous copies of H.L.'s books, generally considered inaccessible.

And lastly, to Miss Helen J. Miller, professor of English at American International College in Springfield, Mass., for introducing me some years ago to my first reading of Lawrence's works, and for instilling in me some of her unending enthusiasm.

Helen J. Miller
May, 1946

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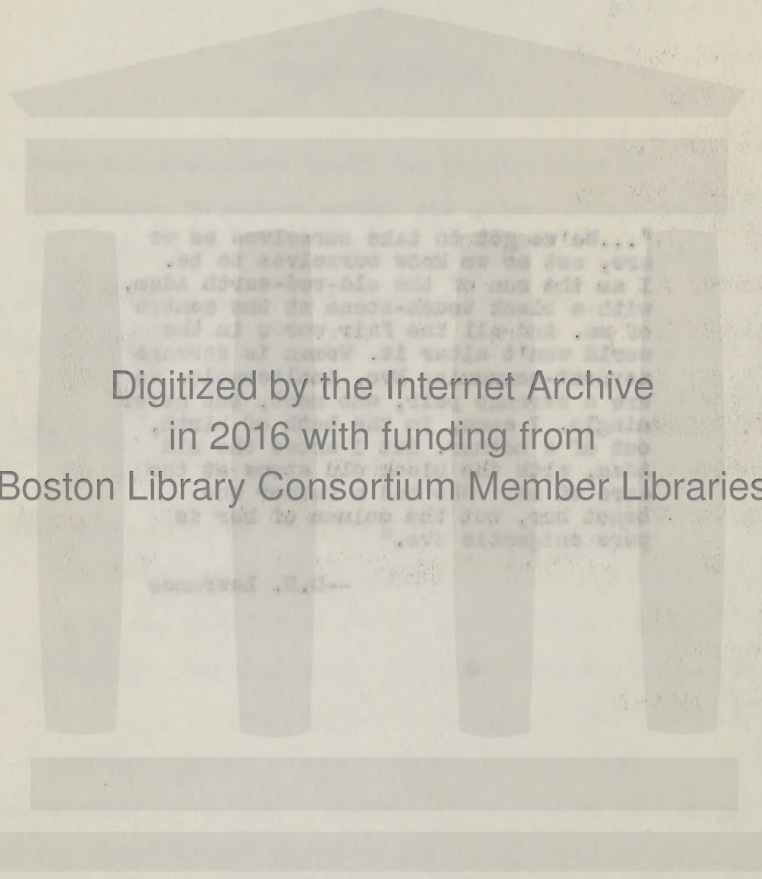
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And lastly, to Miss Helen J. Miller, professor of English at American International College in Springfield, Mass., for introducing me some years ago to my first reading of Lawrence's works, and for instilling me with some of her unceasing enthusiasm.

Helen Mamas
May, 1946

"...We've got to take ourselves as we are, not as we know ourselves to be. I am the son of the old-red-earth Adam, with a black touch-stone at the centre of me. And all the fair words in the world won't alter it. Woman is strange serpent-communing Eve, inalterable. We are a strange pair, who meet, but never mingle. I came, in the bath of birth, out of a mother. But I arose the old Adam, with the black old stone at the core of me. She had a father who begot her, but the column of her is pure enigmatic Eve."

--D.H. Lawrence



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Although D.H. Lawrence is not so widely read in America as John Galsworthy or Somerset Maugham, his English contemporaries, he has certainly attracted here a vast number of enthusiasts, a crowd of fans which has grown rapidly since his death in 1930.

Introduction

There are three types of Lawrence readers. First there are those who know him well and admire him as a writer who feels and has an unswerving sense of truth, understanding and sympathy--those who believe that Lawrence was exceptional--inspiration and genius, one and the same. The second type are those who have read a book or two by him, and who accept him merely as another author who seems to be giving the world sex and sensuality in order to sell. The third group consists of those who have heard about him, who may have read a book by him and who always seem to have been introduced to him by J. Middleton Murry. They are the ones who usually exclaim, "D.H. Lawrence! He's that psychopathic lunatic, isn't he?" That is an unfortunate, pathetic, narrow, erroneous prejudice.

I wish to place myself in the first class of Lawrence readers, to be amongst those who declare he was a normal human being, yet a gifted artist, and who are eager to defend Lawrence by destroying any disparaging comments about him.

Although D.H. Lawrence is not so widely read in America as John Galsworthy or Somerset Maugham, his English contemporaries, he has certainly attracted here a vast number of enthusiasts, a crowd of fans which has grown rapidly since his death in 1930.

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I wish to place myself in the first class of Lawrence readers, to be amongst those who declare he was a normal human being, yet a gifted artist, and who are eager to defend Lawrence by destroying any disparaging untruths about him.

A great deal more than is found here could be written about Lawrence. For a thesis, the problem in research is to select one central idea and to present all points relevant to it. My aim, consequently, has been to indicate that D.H. Lawrence was a normal man possessed with outstanding genius--creative ability as a writer and extraordinary sensitivity as a keen sympathetic human being. I have written this in the hopes that others who have known Lawrence will step forth to declare his genius, so that those who have biased prejudgments and are badly misinformed will see and perhaps be brought over to recognize the validity of the opposite view, the truth. Lastly, I have hoped to introduce Lawrence to new readers who wish to understand what type of man he was, what type of writer he was-- a normal human and a gifted artist.

I have not meant to interpret pedantically the beliefs and techniques Lawrence displayed. A second pro-

ject concerning alone the use of psychology in the works of D.H. Lawrence might cover those better. This is meant merely as a long letter of introduction and recommendation --for those misinformed or prejudiced--for those unacquainted with the tremendous depth and normalcy of D.H. Lawrence.

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Chapter I

PART I

D. H. Lawrence

Man

When D.H. Lawrence was born in the autumn of 1885, England was weary of the Victorian age and the accompanying struggles of the rising middle class, the expanding commerce, the booming industry, and the scientific temper.

Contributing to the self-sufficient position which England sought at this time was a midland coal-district--

Chapter I

Boy and Lover

Eastwood in Nottinghamshire. The miners lived with their families, worked their long hours underground, visited taverns on their way home on pay day, and remained half-educated as they were when they left grammar school.

It was in this mining village--not too different from those you might know that David Herbert was born. Like the children with whom he played, the lad had for a father a miner who had no pretensions, no pride in respectability, and who was slightly brutal, sullen, quick, careless, irresponsible, living in the moment, and unfortunately, a formidable drinker, and a frequent liar.

Lawrence's mother was obviously the wrong mate for this animal-behaved father. She was definitely superior to him. A lady, she was charmingly different, contained, she was responsible, loving and "burlesque." Consequently, as time went on, irritations between were noticeable; the parental relationship was strained.

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Lawrence's mother was obviously the wrong mate for this animal-behaved father. She was definitely superior to him. A lady, she was charmingly different, contained. She was responsible, loving and "heroic." Consequently, as time went on, irritations became more noticeable; the general relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence turned bitter, and the essential estrangement took place, although the couple continued to live together.

There was nothing to protect D.H., the fourth Lawrence child, from becoming antagonistic toward his father too. The boy was clever and forward, and he grew into an intelligent and advanced youth, but he could not tolerate the bad pit manners and pit dirt his father brought home with him at night. J. Middleton Murry, who was one of Lawrence's closest friends and sharpest critics in later years, describes the lad's position comprehensively in Son of Woman when he says: "He grew with his soul sensitized utterly to the determination and the suffering of his mother in the long, unending struggle with her husband. Fortunately for him, it was not a silent and suppressed struggle such as so often, in a like situation, undermines the inmost being of an uncomprehending child." (1)

(1) p.10

So the young Lawrence and his mother formed with the other children of the family a league against the bad husband and father. In Mrs. Lawrence's regard young David took his father's place. According to Stephen Potter, who made D.H. Lawrence, a First Study, there was very much of a husband-wife relationship between them.

When Mrs. Lawrence realized that her son was a boy of great aspiration and ambition, she increased his interest by encouraging him; his father was indifferent and by his ignorance represented his home and way of life as something away from which D.H. felt he should be directed. While his father slowly spelled out the Sunday newspapers, Lawrence learned foreign languages and read advanced books.

Lawrence describes his father in Sons and Lovers: "His manner got worse and worse, his habits somewhat disgusting. When the children were growing up and in the crucial stage of adolescence, the father was like some ugly irritant to their souls." (2)

All the miners in all the houses down the row were just the same. Each one came in at night, half-drunk, and still unwashed. Lawrence, who was already manifesting literary ambitions, thought, "Bad surroundings for a young poet," and decided he must get clear from it all. Stephen

Potter points out, "He knew he could, in spite of this
unlucky start. At the same time there was the extraordinary
love between his mother and himself. With this how confidently
could be surmounted the earthiness of his surroundings." (3)

When Lawrence was fifteen, he met a girl whose
destiny was to be linked with his own for the next ten years.
Miriam, the name Lawrence gives her in his autobiographical
narrative, Sons and Lovers, was about the same age as himself,
perhaps a year younger. "This friendship helped him in what
he wanted to be-- the girl was herself intense and aspiring,
a passionate Christian, and full of knowledge and book-reading
and emancipation at the same time. Her everyday life in her
own home, too, was one not to be thought about--the muddiest
farm jobs, and endless washings-up after the big farmhouse meals.
She was carefully self-educated, and interested in movement
and ideas: she admired the promise in Lawrence, meaning by
promise something Shelley-like and spiritual, flattering
Lawrence, and making him be half Shelley-like himself to
live up to what she saw in him..." (4) Potter catches accurately
the impression most critics have of Miriam, although others
emphasize more her unreal, romantic craving for escape.

(3) p. 37
(4) p. 19

Miriam, who did some writing herself, narrates in D.H. Lawrence, A Personal Record to which she affixes her real initials E.T., that D.H. was a human little lad when she met him. He was "extraordinarily kind and willing to help with whatever task was afoot. He was most considerate to mother, with her big, unruly family so hard to manage, each of us at a different stage of development....Several times when he came in and found her with more to do than she could get through he fetched water for the boiler, tidied up the hearth, and made a fire in the parlour....I well remember a basket of tiny pickling onions that stood on the stone slab outside the back door, waiting to be peeled. They suddenly disappeared, and mother said that Bert " (Bert is what they called young David) "had peeled them; he just sat down and did them without a word to anyone....It was the same at harvest time. Lawrence would spend whole days working with my father and brothers in the fields at Greasley. These fields lay four miles away, and we used to pack a big basket of provisions to last all day, so that hay harvest had a picnic flavour....I heard father say to mother: 'Work goes like fun when Bert's there, it's no trouble at all to keep them going'....One could not help being affected by his vitality and charm. Mother made a remark that set me speculating. She said: 'I should like to be next to Bert in heaven.' "

In this we see Lawrence as the ideal family boy, devoted, loving, kind, and normal.

And Lawrence continued growing up normally like the average boy, but perhaps more aware than the average of the values of life and the depths of human understanding. All Lawrence critics seem to agree that Miriam's influence was for his betterment. Lawrence himself said in his literary manner that "Everything had a religious and intensified meaning when he was with her." (6) She appreciated beauty--the colandines: as she said, how could anyone want streets paved with gold when there are these yellow flowers?

Miriam was necessary to Lawrence as a common sympathizer. She was a loyal friend with whom he could share his ideas--the young, dynamic revolutionary ideas that effervesce from active adolescent minds. She woke his spirit, bore him to consciousness. Because she was a woman and idolized him, he was inspired by an honest interest, and not by a spirit of emulation with which a man friend might have filled him.

While they passed through adolescence together, they made daring assaults on accepted things. They decided to do something to make poverty come to an end. They willed to learn about social conditions and to help their fellow men. In their contemplation of humanitarian deeds they were

(6) p. 176

suddenly overwhelmed by the realization of what seemed to them a degraded world and like all young people during serious awakenings, they found themselves feeling far above everything--"the rest of the world they suddenly saw as a pool from which the waters are drained off, leaving the water things to wrestle in the wet mud under the sun." (7)

It is obvious that when children spread their interests to friends in the neighborhood they consequently are drawn from the hearth of their home and family. While Lawrence developed his profound but wholly Platonic friendship with Miriam during their teen age, he naturally became interested in the activities in which she participated, in her family, in her farm.

He realized that he was moving away from his own family, from that household which centered around his mother and which by her strong love for him seemed to depend on him as the integrating link, which the husband normally is. He began to perceive that his mother was a bit jealous of Miriam, jealous in the way any mother might be of her son's first transfer of attention to an outsider. And cleverly enough he concluded, as a normal rational boy would, that he must not be held back from the outside. But what could he do? How could he rebel?

(7) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p.39

J. Middleton Murry admits that Lawrence's mother was responsible for his eternal devotion to her till her death. "What there was between Miriam and himself was an intense, spiritual communion, and mutual stimulation of the mind....(8) Certainly, while his mother lived, until he himself was twenty-six he resented the compulsion of his fear of paining her more and more deeply, yet he obeyed it. She was determined, consciously or unconsciously, that no woman save herself should have her son's love; and he obeyed her. What genuine and unhesitating passion there was in Lawrence's life before his mother's death went to a man, not a woman." (9) What power Mrs. Lawrence, who had not wanted this child in the first place, must have had! What mysterious, subtle captivating manner she must have used!

Murry continues to explain that the passion in Lawrence's blood went then to Miriam's eldest brother, rather than to the girl who was deserving of all Lawrence could have given her, had he been able to give her authentic love naturally then.

It is an accepted fact, therefore, that Lawrence was devoted to his mother, but rather than attribute this attachment to a Freudian Oedipus complex as Murry seems to enjoy doing, let us take it within our stride as a result of

(8) p. 18

(9) p. 21

normal circumstances, not pathological abnormalities. Let us remember that Lawrence did not love Miriam, and that also if he had, perhaps there would have been no bond between mother and son. Miriam was a childhood friend, and it is certainly not precedent or necessary that he wed or love his only childhood acquaintance of the feminine sex. The majority of Lawrence critics feel that he should have loved Miriam. Their feeling is not based on logic but on emotion. They sympathized with the lass, realized her virtues and consequently tried to arrange real mutual love. This love was never mutual. Murry states and Miriam admits that she had fallen in love with him long before he with her and that his love for her never equalled hers for him.

From the age of seventeen to twenty-one Lawrence taught miners' children in a rough and fierce elementary school. The next two years he spent studying at Nottingham University. There, he discovered that anyone who was worth anything seemed to know that "to be Shelley-like and aspiring was right: not to be so was wrong." (10) Potter indicates that Lawrence found the attitude to life here uniform. "He found a world where idealism in the famous nineteenth-century sense, was taken for granted. He found concepts such as Progress: Mankind: the Perfectibility of Man: advanced Politics: the Beauty of Nature--all taken as having

absolute truth....And in spite of his idealism, he was beginning to find actual persons absorbingly interesting. Yet he discovered, for instance, that in this world, new to him, the study of history was not made to lead to the knowledge of persons who had lived, nor of persons who have created particular historical metaphors, so much as to movements and outlines....He began to doubt. And all these studies really simply went to prove the marvellous way in which everything is the same. And the atmosphere of the whole thing was--well, not sweetness and light so much as sharp common sense and freedom from cant...." (11)

Lawrence began to know himself as an extraordinary young man, but to push to high ideals was the rule here, not the exception. Everyone else had arrived so easily at the conclusions he himself had worked to step by step. And he began to wonder what was the good of being emancipated if everyone else was emancipated too? Like all students, Lawrence had his philosophical problems. He somehow developed a strong repulsion to the dogma of emancipation which he had wanted.

Perhaps that is why he did not seek to emancipate himself from the ribbons with which his mother had knotted him to his crib.

Moreover he felt he was being pushed into something. It is not the way of life itself so much as the determination to impose this way of life which those who have been hurt by it fear most. It is not so much the passion for sweetness and light as "the passion for making them prevail". (italicized by Arnold)

He might have appraised and really got to know this curious world. He might have made it part of his own. The critics agree, however, that at this time he could not manage it. Potter explains: "The most difficult thing for a young man to accept is the way of life which is about him when he begins the final and most important stage of growth. Lawrence could not; he could not engulf it. He was not going to wander 'between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born.' In a life which he began to think of as full of a dead mode of living, what he did was to turn against this dead mode with hatred, convinced that everything connected with it was evil, and believing that what was the opposite to it, what was its counterpart must be good. This means the beginning of a philosophy..." (12)

So Lawrence, while he was still a youth in college, was precocious enough to be forming philosophies to which he would adhere through life.

Meanwhile, Lawrence reached twenty-one, and there was something else of a different nature awakening in him. His early poem, "Virgin Youth," as rewritten in 1928, expresses most accurately the new urge, which was entirely normal.

"Now and again
The life that looks through my eyes
And behaves like the rest of men
Slips away, so I gasp in surprise.
...Then willy-nilly
A lower me gets up and greets me
Homunculus stirs from his roots
Dark, ruddy pillar, forgive me! I
Am helplessly bound
To the rock of virginity.
Thy tower impinges
On nothingness. Pardon me!"

The crisis followed. The change in Lawrence was insistent. Could Miriam share new experience with him? Presumably. She was a woman, and moreover equally ready to go daringly ahead with him--free and emancipated, so he approached her. Potter and the critics point out that, as he thought, she saw nothing wrong in it, or not when he had talked to her. "You don't think it ugly?" he asked. "No, not now. You have taught me it isn't." (13)

One evening they lay together out of doors. In a flash of summer lightning, he saw there much more than what he expected. He realized she was afraid of him, and afraid of what she was doing. She was not lost in his arms, as he wanted her to be, but she appeared resigned, as though she were doing it all for his sake, as if she were a sacrifice.

Suddenly he began to hate his relationship with her. The flash of lightning had made something clear to him. He didn't know cause nor reason for it: but

"Almost I hated her, sacrificed;
Hated myself, and the place...."

It was a terrible set-back. Lawrence was disappointed. Instead of finding himself a new and much more expressive man, as he had hoped to become through this full experience, he was only unsettled. He became full of self-dislike. He began to turn against everything with which he had grown up.

Afterwards when he saw Miriam there was an atmosphere of failure about their relationship. He could not say what it was, but he was soon sure that there were beginning to be things in Miriam which he felt were wrong, characteristics which he could not bear. Was it her intensity? Her hands, he noted, were never allowed to hang down loosely by her side, half opened. They were stiff. Potter appraises his attitude: "He did not like either the way she 'adored' over her baby brother, bending down over him in a sort of agony; it made him uncomfortable. Her way of being religious--he didn't like that either. 'I believe you are more religious when you don't have occasion to be worrying and thinking about it'--he became sure of this." (14)

(14) p. 41

On Miriam's twenty-first birthday he wrote her a long letter in which he confessed that it was not the kissable and embraceable part of her that attracted him, although it was so fine with the silken toss of hair curling over her ears. She was a nun to him, and he gave her what he would give a holy nun, but she must let him marry a woman he could kiss and embrace and make the mother of his children. Love, he explained, when they discussed this letter, was divided into physical love and spiritual love. His love for her was spiritual, but for marriage physical love was the prime necessity. "Most men marry in the animal way--at least nearly all men of intellect do," he said. About this time in the French diary Miriam kept, he wrote: "Quant a moi, je suis grand animal." (15)

In Miriam's narrative, she declares there were still times when they were happy together. Lawrence brought her his first experiments in writing, and she would tell him whether his characters were developing naturally, and if their talk was lifelike. Sometimes his love for her would flash out with the old spontaneity. She used to spend her annual holiday with the Lawrences on the Lincolnshire coast.

One morning it was windy, and she tied her hat on with a broad silk scarf. "Lawrence was looking at me with

On Alfred's twenty-first birthday he wrote her a long letter in which he confessed that he was not the kind of a man as she had expected him to be, although it was no time with the slight loss of half a century over her head, she was a man to him, and he gave her what he would give a boy now, but she kept her heart for a woman he could trust and embrace and make the mother of his children, love, he explained, when they discussed this father, son divided into physical love and spiritual love, his love for her was spiritual, but for marriage physical love was the basis necessarily. "Now you marry in the natural way--at least nearly all men do married do," he said. About this time in 1884 French Henry visited Alfred, he wrote "I want a wife, to settle down and have a family."

In Alfred's narrative, the Douglas family were well known when they were happy together, Lawrence Douglas was the first acquaintance in writing, and she would tell him whether his character was developing naturally, and if that was all right, sometimes she gave her own words from the old manuscript. She used to speak her natural feelings with the Lawrence on the immediate coast. One evening it was windy, and she told her son with a great air, "Lawrence was looking at me with

shining eyes. 'Does it suit me?' I asked laughing. He turned to his mother. 'Look at her, mother. She said, does it suit her?' His mother gave me a bitter glance, and turned away, and the light died out of Lawrence's face." (16)

That evening he and Miriam walked by the sea, and as the moon rose Lawrence broke into wild reproaches, upbraiding her bitterly, and then blaming himself still more passionately. Two summers later, when they were again by the sea, he had still a wilder outburst, skipping from boulder to boulder in a frenzy which almost made her doubt if he were human. "I was really frightened then--not physically, but deep in my soul. He created an atmosphere not of death, which after all is part of mortality, but of an utter negation of life, as though he had become dehumanized." (17) These were the only times Miriam felt he didn't seem human, however.

In the autumn of 1908, when he was twenty-three, Lawrence left Eastwood for Croydon, where he had been given a post at the Davidson Road school. Another indication of his mother's fondness for him accompanied her resentment toward his leaving. "And where," she exclaimed fiercely to Miriam, "would he have been without me to call him up in the morning,

(16) p. 127

(17) p. 128

and have his porridge and everything ready for him? He'd never have got off to College every day if I hadn't seen to things." (18)

Lawrence was now writing poems, which he sent to Miriam, and in June of 1909 she selected some of them, and with Lawrence's permission sent them to the editor of the English Review, Ford Madox Hueffer, saying that the author was a young man who had been writing for a number of years, and would be grateful for any recognition. "Discipline," "Dreams Old and Nascent" and "Baby Running Barefoot" were among them; and it is not to be wondered at that Hueffer was impressed and replied with an invitation for Lawrence to come and see him, for all these poems are beautiful, and the first, manifestly addressed to Miriam herself, memorable in other ways.

When Lawrence called on Hueffer in September, he found him "Fairish, fat about forty, and the kindest man on earth." Shortly afterwards, Hueffer passed the ragged and bulky manuscript of The White Peacock on to Heinemann, the publisher, and Edward Garnett, who was then Duckworth's reader, wrote appreciatively to Lawrence, and successively arranged for the publication of The Trespasser, Love Poems, and Sons and Lovers. Garnett became, in Lawrence's own words,

(18) Quoted by Kingmill in The Life of D.H. Lawrence, p. 27

"a generous and genuine friend." Thus Hueffer and Garnett launched Lawrence into the literary world.

In the midst of Lawrence's beginning successes in the literary field, when his attitude should have been only one of merriment and rejoicing, his mother fell ill. He came from Croydon on alternate weekends to see her. Whatever she said to him at this period he remembered. He understood why she had never approved of Miriam, "and I've never--you know, Paul--I've never had a husband--not really." (19) He began at this time to realize how much more vivid and absorbing his contact with his mother had been--how extended beyond the average passionate feeling of a little boy--how far more important than Miriam.

As his mother became worse he seemed all pain and nothing else--no thoughts of what he was going to do, how he was getting on. He was in some way simplified by his pain. His mother, in her despair, told him things which gave him agony--how she had hated her husband and been unhappy. Lawrence suffered overwhelmingly: still, he found he was able to suffer. Though so far his writing only gave a hint of it, there was something inside him to meet and feel the wave: he was not swept away. He was struck down--his way of life, even the directions of his ambition were broken: yet still the beginning of him remained.

(19) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 45

He began to know things that he hardly knew before. He started to see that his mother in some way held him back--

"My little love, my dearest,
Twice you have issued me,
Once from your womb, sweet mother,
Once from your soul, to be
Free of all hearts, my darling,
Of each heart's entrance free."

Miriam and he met occasionally, but she could not pierce the absorption of his misery; he seemed completely shut off in his grief.

On the day before his mother's funeral, Miriam recounts, he sent for her, and they went for a walk. It was a gray December day; they hardly spoke, and at last they remained standing in silence by a railway track leading down to the pits.

"You know," Lawrence said suddenly, speaking with great difficulty, "I've always loved my mother."

"I know you have," Miriam replied.

"I don't mean that," he returned quickly. "I've loved her, like a lover. That's why I could never love you."

It was sometime before the sorrow of his mother's death sank through him. During the entire next year, he was lost and miserable, without any direction in life. "I am not strong like you," he wrote to Miriam. "You can fight your battle and have done with it, but I have to run away, or I

(20)

couldn't bear things. I have to fight a bit, and then run away, and then fight a bit more. So I really do go on fighting, only it has to be at intervals....At times I am afflicted by a perversity amounting to minor insanity. But the best man in me belongs to you. One me is yours, a fine, strong one....I have great faith still that things will come right in the end."

When Lawrence's profound ache left him, he realized a change--the one he had hoped for through his intimacy with Miriam--had come about. He knew more deeply, and his knowledge became definite. He was made expressive. He knew how fundamental the connection between his mother and him had been! He decided to write a book as the result of experience through a woman, and he boasted to himself that the woman was his mother--the most important woman....it would have to be his mother. Knowing this, he believed he understood all his past dissatisfactions and past failures. The change brought about in him seemed to disentangle him from his teens and his Nottingham days, and make him see what it was he had hated. He could not give a name to it.

Potter tells us, "He could see it as a worn-out way of living. He called it the worn-out Christian love-ideal. In Sons and Lovers he recorded how always, he thought, he must have disliked it. The way Christian resignation was over

everything, the way Miriam's family, for instance, lived even trivial parts of their lives in terms of it. 'The mother exalted everything--even a bit of housework--to the place of a religious trust. The sons resented this; they felt themselves cut away underneath...it puzzled Paul.' (Lawrence writes in his autobiographical volume.) "Of course it was what was wrong with Miriam. He seemed to have known it always: 'this purity which prevented even their first love kiss.' " (21)

"Oh he was glad he was rid of Miriam. 'Love should give a sense of freedom, not of prison. Miriam made me feel tied up like a donkey to a stake. I must feed on her patch and nowhere else.'

"This was the end of intellectualism and idealism for Lawrence. It was the end of the 'love mode.' There was one thing Lawrence felt sure that he now wanted--to be left alone and allowed to develop the shoots of life that were rising in him. Love was the thing which would never leave you alone. Even his mother had dragged at him with her love." (22)

"Love is the great asker
The sun and rain do not ask the secret
Of the time when the grain struggles down in the dark
...ever at my side,
Frail and sad, with grey, bowed head.
The beggar-woman, the yearning eyed
Inexorable love goes lagging."

(21) p. 47

(22) p. 48

On the last Sunday in April, 1912, Miriam and Lawrence met for the last time, at her married sister's cottage, where Lawrence was spending the weekend. Miriam's father was with her, and after tea Lawrence drove back part of the way with them, but there was little talk, and Miriam noticed that he winced at her father's casual tone, so different from the warmth of the old days.

Lawrence, in spite of all his disquietude and cynicism about love, had already met his future wife, Mrs. Frieda Weekley, some weeks earlier, and was now about to leave England with her for Germany. Miriam recollects the parting: "On the level about Watnaill hill he got out of the trap to return by the footpath over the fields. We shook hands and said goodbye like casual acquaintances, and father hoped he would manage to keep in better health." (Lawrence was bronchial.)..."Before we disappeared around a bend in the road I turned and saw him still standing where he had alighted, looking after us. I waved my hand, and he raised his hat with the familiar gesture. I never saw him again." (23)

During his three and a half years at the Tavistock Road school in London, Lawrence was far more and writing as a teacher. In spite of his delicate health he had come out first in all England and twice in the Undercliffe Teachers' examination. Critics like to say that Lawrence inherited a good deal of his mother's talent and toughness, as well as her quick intellect.

Chapter II

Man, Husband, and Friend

At this time Lawrence was a bit bored but was moved by his literary ambitions, which consisted mainly of poems. Because artists usually write about the environment into which they are thrown, Lawrence's school appears in several of these works. In one poem he pictures himself looking through the open window of the classroom toward Norwood Hill. The boys are all still, "in a wistful dream of Larch Down," while for himself the old romance of David and Bess Copperfield glows from Norwood through the yellow veil of the afternoon. In another poem he describes the great school rising red out of the snow, a "poet in this weary land the winter horns and silver wind."

When he complained about his work, his pupils brought out the strain of tolerance and good sense in his nature. "My pack of wretched books," he tells them almost jovially, and continues:

During his three and a half years at the Davidson Road school in Croydon, Lawrence was far above the average as a teacher. In spite of his delicate health he had come out first in all England and Wales in the Uncertified Teachers examination. Critic Kingsmill says that Lawrence inherited a good deal of his mother's pluck and toughness, as well as her quick intelligence.

At this time Lawrence was a bit bored but was saved by his literary creations, which consisted mainly of poems. Because artists usually write about the environment into which they are thrown, Lawrence's school appears in several of these works. In one poem he pictures himself looking through the open window of the classroom toward Norwood Hill. The boys are all still, "in a wistful dream of Lorna Doone," while for himself the old romance of David and Dora Copperfield glows from Norwood through the mellow veil of the afternoon. In another poem he describes the great school rising red out of the snow, a "rock in this weary land the winter burns and makes blind."

When he complained about his work, his pupils brought out the strain of tolerance and good sense in his nature. "My pack of unruly hounds," he calls them almost jovially, and continues:

"What does it matter to me, if they can write
A description of a dog, or if they can't?
What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!
And yet I'm supposed to care with all my might.

I do not, and will not; they won't and they
don't; and that's all!
I shall keep my strength for myself; they
can keep theirs as well.
Why should we beat our heads against the wall
Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell."

By April, 1912, Lawrence decided he would like a lectureship in a German university, and one day that month he called upon Professor Ernest Weekley with whom he had studied French at Nottingham University to make inquiry regarding opportunity.

During the half hour before the luncheon meeting they had arranged at Professor Weekley's house, Lawrence conversed with Mrs. Weekley. As she writes in "Not I, But the Wind", they talked by the window of her room, while the children played on the lawn.

Frieda Weekley was struck at once by his long, thin figure and light, sure movements, and she was interested in his denunciations of women. He had finished, he told her, with his attempts at knowing them.

Some strange intuition caused Lawrence to sense, however, that this was a remarkable woman to whom he spoke, and after leaving her and her husband that spring day, he walked home on foot, a distance of more than five hours.

Lawrence and Frieda met several times within the next week or so. He told her almost at once that she was quite unaware of her husband, and that she was the most wonderful woman in England. Not only did he tell her his opinion, but in a letter to Edward Garnett, his publisher, he also wrote a fortnight later: "She is ripping--she's the finest woman I've ever met--you must above all things meet her....She is the daughter of Baron von Richthofen, of the ancient and famous house of Richthofen--but she's splendid, she is really. How damnably I mix things up. She is perfectly unconventional, but really good--in the best sense."

Kingsmill believes that Lawrence suffered acutely from his feeling of social inferiority, a form of suffering usually dismissed as trivial, for there is almost as much dishonesty about what is called snobbishness as about sex. "Snobbishness is the assertion of the will in social relations, as lust is in sexual. It is the desire for what divides men, and the inability to value what unites them." (1)

"Born and reared in the atmosphere of his mother's social cravings, Lawrence was as vulnerable socially as sexually. 'Bourgeois,' as a term of abuse, is scattered throughout his writings, for to despise the class immediately above him seemed to him, as it has seemed to many poor men of ability, proof that he was by nature an aristocrat.... What effect Frieda Weekley's origin had on Lawrence came out in his letter to Garnett, and is still more obvious in an anecdote told by Catherine Carswell in her life of Lawrence, The Savage Pilgrimage. In the early days of Lawrence's marriage, Ivy Low, now Madame Litvinov, wrote to him to express her enthusiasm for his work. Both his replies were on coroneted notepaper, and each time he put a pen stroke through the coronet, and wrote beside it, "My wife's father is a baron." (2)

We could attempt to convince the reader that Lawrence was not conscious of being inferior, but this would be a gross error, for the majority of critics agree he did feel inferior, and it is only reasonable that he might have because of his bitterness toward his father's pit work and slovenly characteristics.

The personality of Frieda Weekley was even more overwhelming to Lawrence than her origin. This woman, who

eventually became his wife is still alive; but few famous women of the past have been described in such detail and from so many angles. She dominates most of Lawrence's work; his women friends give us many glimpses of her in their reminiscences of her husband. (Mrs. Carswell, Mrs. Mabel Luhan in Lorenzo in Taos). She has written her own memoirs. Kingsmill indicates that "Murry has woven her into the pattern of his argument that Lawrence should have become a eunuch for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven, and Aldous Huxley has painted her in Point Counter Point as an incarnation of the joy and richness of existence." The material for estimating her place in her husband's life is therefore plentiful. (3)

She was in the early thirties when Lawrence met her, some years older than he and the mother of three children. Kingsmill describes her as being "of ample Teutonic build, with greenish eyes radiating will."

In Lawrence Frieda felt she had discovered someone who understood her. Their mutual love seemed immediate. Frieda says her realization was confirmed, however, one day when they went into the country with her two small girls. Lawrence made paper boats for the children, with matches for masts, and Frieda, seeing that he was absorbed in them

and had forgotten her, felt a moment of tenderness toward him. A few days later she suggested that, as her husband was away, Lawrence should stay the night. Strong-minded and honest, Lawrence said he would not stay in her house while her husband was away, and he added tenderly for Frieda's sake, "But you must tell him the truth and we will go away together, because I love you."

Frieda was leaving for Germany to stay with her family during the Easter vacation. On Friday, May 3, 1912, Lawrence left with her, although Frieda had not yet definitely committed herself to separate from her husband.

It was Lawrence's first visit to the Continent. He spent a few days at Metz, Frieda's home, he in a hotel, she with her family. Frieda's sisters were impressed by Lawrence as a man Frieda could trust, but her parents were naturally perturbed. Baron Richthofen offered Lawrence a cigarette when he called, but "the pure aristocrat," to quote Frieda, did not hit it off with "the miner's son."

The separation from Frieda preyed on Lawrence, and he wrote to her from his hotel to say that she must be frank with her husband--"no more subterfuge, lying, dirt, fear. I feel as if it would strangle me. What is it all but procrastination?" Unable to stand Metz any longer, he went to Trier....From Trier he went to Waldbroel, where he stayed some days.

From one of these cities Lawrence made plans to begin life with Frieda in Munich Friday, May 24, and a letter to her the week before indicates more about Lawrence's decency and humanness than any critic's dissertation could. He wrote: "...If I am to come to Munich next week, what are we going to live on? Can we scramble enough together to last us till my payments come in? I am not going to tell my people anything till you have the divorce. If we can go decently over the first three or four months--financially--I think I shall be able to keep us going for the rest. Never mind about the infant. If it should come, we will be glad, and stir ourselves to provide for it--and if it should not come, ever--I shall be sorry. I do not believe, when people love each other, in interfering there. It is wicked, according to my feeling. I want you to have children to me-- I don't care how soon. I never thought I should have that definite desire. But you see, we must have a more or less stable foundation if we are going to run the risk of the responsibility of children--not the risk of children, but the risk of the responsibility..." (4)

It is interesting to note that at about this time Lawrence was still writing poetry. One is that from which

(4) Quoted by Frieda in Not I, But the Wind.... p. 31

Frieda borrows the quotation which eventually becomes the title of her reminiscences:

"Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me,
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only I
let it carry me."

In Beuerberg, a village in the Bavarian highlands, Lawrence and Frieda connected their lives. Frieda tells us the importance of this new bond, of their mutual love and inserts a tack upon which critics who saw anything sacrilegious in their relationship were to sit. "We were out for more than the obvious or 'a little grey home in the West.' Let them jeer at him, those superior people, it will not take away a scrap of his greatness or his genuineness or his love. To understand what happened between us, one must have had the experiences we had, thrown away as much as we did and gained as much, and have known this fulfilment of body and soul. It is not likely that many did. (5)

"When Lawrence first found a gentian, a big single blue one, I remember feeling as if he had a strange communion with it, as if the gentian yielded up its blueness, its very essence, to him. Everything he met had the newness of a creation just that moment come into being.

"When I asked him: 'What do I give you, that you didn't get from others?' he answered: 'You make me sure of myself, whole.'

"And he would say: 'You are so young, so young! ' When I remonstrated 'But I am older than you.'--'Ah, it isn't years, it's something else. You don't understand.' (6)

"Then he would sit in a corner, so quietly and absorbedly, to write. The words seemed to pour out of his hand onto the paper, unconsciously, naturally and without effort, as flowers bloom and birds fly past.

"His was a strange concentration, he seemed transferred into another world, the world of creation.

"He'd have quick changes of mood and thought. This puzzled me. 'But Lawrence, last week you said exactly the opposite of what you are saying now.' (7)

" 'And why shouldn't I? Last week I felt like that, now like this. Why shouldn't I?'

"We talked about style in writing, about the new style Americans had evolved--cinematographic, he called it." (8)

During their Bavarian stay, Frieda's mother came to see them. She took a great liking to Lawrence, after she had vented her annoyance with an upsetting situation. Following her departure a letter arrived from Frieda's sister, Else, saying that the Baroness thought Lawrence lovable and trustworthy. This was the beginning of a long and very affectionate friendship.

(6) p. 35

(7) p. 43

(8) p. 43

From Bavaria Lawrence and Frieda, walking most of the way, went through Tyrol into Italy, where they settled down for the winter at Gargano on Lake Garda. Frieda writes: "Lawrence's birthday came as we were crossing the Alps. I had no present to give him but some edelweiss. That evening we danced and drank beer with the peasants in the Gasthaus of the village we were passing through. His first birthday together. It was all very wonderful. New things happened all the time. (9)

"The first time I washed sheets was a disaster. They were so large and wet, their wetness was overwhelming. The kitchen floor was flooded, the table drenched, I dripped from hair to feet.

"When Lawrence found me all misery he called: 'The One and Only' (which name stood for the one and only phoenix, when I was uppish) 'is drowning, oh, dear.' I was rescued and dried, the kitchen wiped and soon the sheets were hanging to dry in the garden where the 'cachi' were hanging red from the trees." (10)

Frieda recollects another bright incident. "One morning he brought me breakfast in bed and in the Italian bedroom there was a spittoon and to my horror a scorpion was on it. To Lawrence's surprise I said, when he killed it:

(9) p. 51
(10) p. 55

'Birds of a feather flock together!'

" 'Ungrateful woman...here I am the faithful knight killing the dragons and that's all I get.' " (11)

"He was then rewriting his Sons and Lovers, the first book he wrote with me, and I lived and suffered that book, and wrote bits of it when he would ask me: 'What do you think my mother felt like then?' I had to go deeply into the character of Miriam and all the others; when he wrote his mother's death he was ill and his grief made me ill too, and he said: 'If my mother had lived I could never have loved you, she wouldn't have let me go.' But I think he got over it; only, this fierce and overpowerful love had harmed the boy who was not strong enough to bear it. In after years he said, 'I would write a different Sons and Lovers now; my mother was wrong, and I thought she was absolutely right.' "

(12)

Frieda must really have loved Lawrence completely, certainly more than herself, for her to give up whatever she had with Weekley and her children. Evidently, Professor Weekley thought Frieda's interest in Lawrence merely romantic infatuation, for he was kind enough to offer to forgive and forget if she would return to him, but if she wouldn't "the children have no longer any mother, you shall not see them again," he wrote her. Frieda was grieved. "But Lawrence held me, I could not leave him any more, he needed me more than they did."

(11) p. 55

(12) p. 56

Meanwhile Lawrence wrote in a letter of December, 1912, to Frieda's sister, Else: "If Frieda and the children could live happily together, I should say 'Go' because the happiness of two out of three is sufficient. But if she would only be sacrificing her life, I would not let her go if I could keep her. Because if she brings to the children a sacrifice, that is a curse to them. If I had a prayer, I think it would be 'Lord, let no one ever sacrifice living stuff to me--because I am burdened enough.' (13)

"Whatever the children may miss now, they will prepare their inner liberty, and their independent pride will be strong when they come of age. But if Frieda gave all up to go and live with them, that would sap their strength because they would have to support her life when they grew up. They would not be free to live of themselves--they would first have to live for her, to pay back. It is like somebody giving a present that was never asked for, and putting the recipient under the obligation of making restitution, often more than he could afford." (14)

Lawrence understood. He was human.

And because he was, Lawrence and Frieda enjoyed their life together. Frieda tells us that Lawrence was always busy, that he taught her many songs, and they sang by the hour

(13) p. 61

(14) p. 61

in the evenings. "He liked my strong voice. He sang with very little voice, but, like a real artist that he was, he conveyed the music and the spirit of the song in a marvelous fashion." (15)

They painted together, too. Lawrence used to be very absorbed and intent with his work. He would lick his paint brush and put it down on the paper with quick gestures. He could not understand how it was that Frieda painted carelessly and merely for the fun of the moment.

Frieda lauds her husband frequently, saying that he could teach people how to live, how to be grateful simply for life itself. "He who was always so frail and so much nearer death at every moment than most people, how religiously he appreciated every good moment! Every big and little thing! I hadn't lived before I lived with Lawrence. It was drudgery, grey tired days with endless efforts, before. With him, being in love and ecstasy was only a small part of the whole, always the whole and we two balanced in it, the universe around us for us to take as much as we could, and we took a lot of it in those eighteen years together." (16)

Lawrence's deep sense of the reality of living was the cause of his appreciation of every single moment, according to Frieda. "He knew what feeds the life-flame in a creature,

(15) p. 72

(16) p. 74

it isn't the Rolly Royces of first-class hotels and cinemas. He wasn't a highbrow and he wasn't a low-brow, but with real genius he got out of the quick of living the abiding values and said so in his writing. It is always amazing to me how little people understand him. Misunderstand him, is more like it." (17)

The Lawrences were at this time quite aware of the hostility toward D.H. and his works, but "in those days I don't think we either of us measured the depth of it," Frieda says. "We were too busy living to take much notice. Our own world, so small and poor to others on the outside, what a strong, unconquerable fortress it really was!" (18)

So many of Lawrence's critics fail to present D.H. as a natural human being. To a reader just being introduced to Lawrence's works, Murry's book, Son of Woman, would be an unfair view. To a person who has read Lawrence and is looking for the qualities that make Lawrence like the rest of us, it is nauseating. Frieda herself says, "It makes me laugh when I think of the American doctor who 'looked at literature' and who wrote about Lawrence and saw only a diseased prurient mind in him. I think all he wanted to see was a disease...Lawrence was so direct, such a real puritan! He hated any 'haut-gout' or lewdness." (19) The person to

(17) p. 74

(18) p. 75

(19) p. 76

whom Frieda refers to is Joseph Colláns who wrote a disparaging chapter about Lawrence in The Doctor Looks at Literature, psychological studies of life and letters. His views will be mentioned in a later chapter.

Frieda had the nerve and pride to tell some of these perverted thinkers that there was no "God-Almightiness" about him, like the universal "I-am-everlasting" feeling of Goethe, for instance. He knew "I am D.H. Lawrence from my head to my toes, and there I begin and there I end, and my soul lives inside me. All else is not me, but I can have a relationship with all that is not me in the world, and the more I realize the otherness of other things around me the richer I am." (20)

Lawrence and Frieda stayed at Gargano till April, 1913, and then, after a few weeks in Bavaria, returned to England in June, in connection with her divorce. Frieda says, "Finally Lawrence and I got married at a registrar's office in Kensington. (Gordon) Campbell, (a barrister friend) and Murry went with us. On the way there Lawrence dashed out of the cab into a goldsmith's to buy a new wedding ring. I gave my old one to Katherine." (21) (Katherine Mansfield, Murry's wife).

The Lawrences and Murrys were excellent friends by this time. They first met in a little flat in Chancery Lane,

(20) p. 75

(21) p. 77

where the Murrys lived and edited "The Blue Review", a literary monthly. Murry was in difficulties with the magazine at the time and had no money to spare, and when Lawrence asked him and Katherine to come down to Broadstairs for a weekend, he felt he could not afford it, but accepted the invitation out of courtesy, not supposing that it was meant very seriously. Lawrence was acutely disappointed when they did not turn up, and in the correspondence that followed insisted that they must come, and enclosed a sovereign, having heard from Edward Marsh that Murry was hard up.

Critic Kingsmill provides information about Lawrence's friends. He continues: "Edward Marsh, who was then, and perhaps still is, an enthusiast over unrecognized literary talent, had published a poem of Lawrence's in an anthology. He was now staying with Herbert Asquith and his wife, Lady Cynthia Asquith, at Broadstairs, and it was through him that Lawrence met the Asquiths, and formed a friendship with them." (22) (Lady Asquith was the daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March and was the noted biographer of members of the royal family.)

Murry and Katherine finally went to Broadstairs, where they enjoyed themselves to the nth degree, as Murry narrates in his Autobiography, Between Two Worlds.

Meanwhile Lawrence entered into correspondence with Lady Asquith and Edward Marsh.

Sons and Lovers, although it did not sell widely, had made Lawrence well known, and in the months after his return to England from Italy he met H.G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Lady Ottoline Morrell, and many of the younger writers, J.D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, Rupert Brooke, among them.

The book had also attracted the psychoanalysts; it illustrated some of their theories, Kingsmill points out, and D. David Eder came more than once to confer with Lawrence about the Oedipus complex. Lawrence was always anxious to believe that his feelings towards his parents were normal, and in due course, managed to persuade Murry that his sensuous nature would have been more fully developed but for his father, a clerk in Somerset House, who had made great sacrifices to give Murry a better education than his own.

"Perhaps the most fervent of those who saw Lawrence as a kind of rarefied Hitler was Catherine Carswell, whose finer qualities are almost totally in abeyance in her book on Lawrence," (23) Kingsmill states.

In her introduction to The Savage Pilgrimage, Mrs. Carswell says, "I believe that there not only may be, but

must be, a new way of life and that Lawrence was on the track of it...That there can be indeed a new way of life-- though possibly only by a recovery of values so remote that they are fecund from long forgetting, and as far out of mind as they are near to our blind fingers--is the single admission he seeks from his readers, and it was the belief that governed his actions." (24)

All in all, Lawrence had very few friends, and those who seemed loyal at the beginning turned against him in later years. Perhaps they were justified, perhaps not. But to replace the betrayers Lawrence always found loyalists like Aldous Huxley.

Lawrence's philosophy of friendship limited the number he could make and hold. Potter says he once declared, "I don't have friends who don't fundamentally agree with me. A friend means one who is at one with me in matters of life and death." This view is that which every one of us believes in today. (25)

Regardless of how fast Lawrence's friendships split or how long they lasted, there was always one person who stuck close to his side. That was the one person who understood perhaps better than anyone how Lawrence thought and felt. She was Frieda, his wife, one of today's few

(24) Quoted by Kingsmill, p. 23

(25) p. 74

Lawrence critics who are apostles as well. And her reason for giving up her children and her rich life for what little Lawrence could offer emphasized how she valued this strange fellow who was younger than herself in years but who possessed the integrated qualities of a man, husband, and friend.

Chapter III

Her Victim and Traveller

"Lawrence was not a pacifist, he fought all his life. But that 'World War' he condemned with all his might. The inhuman, mechanical, sheer destruction of it! Destruction for what end!

"Then when Lloyd George came to power Lawrence lost all hope in the spirit of his native country. Lloyd George, who was so un-English, to stand for English prestige! It seemed incredible.

"War, more war! 'Dies irae, dies ella,' a monstrous disaster, the collapse of all human decency. Lawrence felt it so." (1)

These previous paragraphs, quoted from Frieda, reveal a terrific impediment which struck Lawrence at a time when he was living a naturally happy life. It was the impediment of war, which interrupts all normal living and incurs much bitterness and cynicism, as we who have just seen Hitler's seven year war well realize.

At first Lawrence, who was rejected for service because of bronchial weaknesses, seemed to be stimulated by the war, and a novel which was to be the action result-

ing from the bringing to consciousness of his new experiences began to take shape. That was Women in Love. There was no mention of war in it, but his writing had taken on a fresh, strong quality directly arising from the outbreak of war.

This was the effect before Lawrence himself became a war victim. Then the effect was tragic, for part of him came near to being ruined. The terrible thing was that he was very vulnerable, so touched by it that he could not write about the actual details till years after it happened. Perhaps this was because he had been rejected for service; perhaps it was because he objected to war altogether; perhaps it was because he suffered numerous unfortunate experiences because Frieda was watched in England like an enemy alien.

What he wrote at the time amounted to little, merely a few poorly expressed poems. However, he wrote a novel which he considered better than anything he had written before. The Rainbow caused only more moments of depression and discontent, for it was banned from publication as indecent. "With his whole struggling soul Lawrence had written it," (2) Frieda says.

In his bitterness Lawrence said, "I'll never write another word I mean; they aren't fit for it." (3) For a

(2) p. 83

(3) p. 83

time the flame in him was quenched.

Frieda describes Lawrence as tortured and irritable. "His sweetness had disappeared and he turned against me as well as the rest for the time being. It all made him ill. There was not even a little hope or gaiety anywhere. We had a little flat in the Vale of Heath in Hampstead. He didn't like the Vale of Heath and he didn't like the little flat and he didn't like me or anybody else.... And the war was everywhere....We were saturated with war." (4)

Murry and Katherine Mansfield lived in close contact with the Lawrences for about three months during this period. Murry says that Lawrence had made a "desperate" call to them, and they responded because they loved Lawrence. "He was to us a wonderful and beloved being. And, I think, he was depending on us. 'There remains only you and Murry in our lives,' he wrote to Katherine, beseeching her to come. 'We look at the others as across a grove....Let us all live together and create a new world.'" (5)

Perhaps as the result of this desire for a new world, the two families invented an island where they ^{were} planning to go to live in complete bliss. They called it Nanamin. Lawrence thought of the new spirit of life they would lead there. Murry thought of the ship, and its

(4) p. 83

(5) p. 106

equipment, that would take them there. Katherine thought of the colorful bundles they would carry there. By the hour they talked Ranamin.

With Ranamin there were moments of blissful happiness. Murry paradoxically as he presents himself when he writes about Lawrence asks: "When were there not moments of simple bliss for any one who lived with Lawrence?" (6)

For the most Lawrence was miserable throughout the duration of the war. Murry acknowledges that Lawrence's horror of the war was real and profound, but he tries to declare this only a secondary cause of his suffering. He believed that two things existed together in Lawrence, two things which were perhaps dependent upon each other. One was an extraordinary spiritual sensitiveness. He terms the other "a less than normal sexual vitality." The sexual life of Lawrence was an added burden to his spirit, according to Murry. "The horror of the war doubled the burden of the spirit....defeat became only the more inevitable." (7)

Murry goes on to state that Katherine and he were "completely ignorant of the nature of the struggle which was devouring him, like a disease. We saw, and felt on our pulses, only the incredible mingling of love and hatred that was in him. He seemed to us like a man possessed, now by an

(6) p. 106

(7) p. 106

angel, now by a devil. Both were beyond our comprehension; but to the angel we responded, the devil tortured us beyond endurance. It was pain to see him so transformed and transfigured by the paroxysms of murderous hatred, of his wife, of us, of all mankind, that swept over him. They would leave him white, bowed, spent, silent and shuddering. Such a happening was beyond our experience and beyond our understanding. Gradually we became oppressed and frightened; it seemed as though we could not breathe, and that our only hope was to get away." (8)

So the Murrys packed up their possessions and went away to the other side of Cornwallis.

Murry exerts so much effort to make Lawrence psychopathic in every way that a reader who might favor Lawrence and believe he was quite human has no alternative but to consider him hateful and undoubtedly envious as a critic-writer.

It is entirely probable that Lawrence did suffer from extreme war nerves, because he hated war and was fundamentally a conscientious objector. Wartime conditions for the Lawrences were terrible, too. They had little money on which to live. Lawrence wrote to Arnold Bennett, then in control of an important department created by the war, Frieda tells us, saying: "I hear you think highly of me

and my genius, give me some work." But Lawrence was unwanted in time when profiteers were flourishing and triumphant.

Arnold Bennett wrote back: "Yes, I do think highly of your genius, but that is no reason why I should give you work." (9)

Frieda explains that Lawrence was "helpless, as if all that he believed in was utterly lost, he who by his genius felt responsible for the spirit of his England, he whose destiny it was to give England a new direction." (10)

There was no escape from the war for the Lawrences. Their home in the county of Cornwall looked directly over the Bristol Channel. Because Frieda was German and under suspicion, they could hardly move. Police investigators watched them constantly. It was a time when the submarine menace was at its height.

The Lawrences were accused of giving food to the enemy, and money and other things they did not have even for themselves. They were approached and searched frequently on return trips from the main part of town. It was nerve-racking.

Frieda relates how strict the investigators were. "One evening at Cecil Grey's place, Nosigran Castle, we were sitting after dinner, when there came a knock at the door

(9) Quoted by Frieda in Not I, But the Wind, p. 88

(10) p. 87

and four coastwatchers stood there ominously.

"'You are showing a light.'

"To Gray's dismay it was true. He had a new housekeeper from London and the light from her bedroom could be seen at sea.

"As we stood there I shivered with alarm. I had before this been under suspicion of giving supplies to the German submarine crews. As for the suspicion we were so poor at the time--a biscuit a day we might have spared for the submarines, but no more." (11)

She recalls another important episode when she came home one evening and entered the cottage alone. "Immediately I was inside I knew by instinct something had happened. I felt overwhelming fear. With shaking knees I went to the farm. Yes, I was told, two men had asked for us. (12)

"I was full of foreboding, even though Lawrence, coming home later, didn't share my fear.

"But then early next morning there appeared a captain, two detectives, and my friend the policeman. The captain read us a paper that we must leave the county of Cornwall in three days. Lawrence, who lost his temper so easily, was quite calm.

"'And what is the reason,' he asked.

(11) p. 88

(12) p. 89

"'You know better than I do,' answered the captain.

"'I don't know,' said Lawrence.

"Then the two awful detectives went through all our cupboards, clothes, beds, etc., while I, like a fool, burst into a rage:

"'This is your English liberty, here we live and don't do anybody any harm, and these creatures have the right to come here and touch our private things.'

"'Be quiet,' said Lawrence.

"He was so terribly quiet, but the iron of his England had stabbed his soul once more, and I knew he suffered more than I.

"In the background stood my friend the policeman, full of sympathy....But nothing could be done, so we left Cornwall, like two criminals. When we were turned out of Cornwall something changed in Lawrence for ever." (13)

In addition to all these personal problems the Lawrences were affected by the regular air bombardments over London. Lawrence was perhaps stubborn or indifferent, but he always refused to go into the cellar as Londoners were supposed to do during the wartime emergencies. Instead he stayed in bed. Frieda, who found it depressing in the cellar where all the "other gloomy people had gathered, spent her time running up and down stairs imploring Lawrence to

come to the cellar. She never once succeeded in getting him there.

At last, the long awaited victory, which Roy Howard of the United Press announced four days too soon, was proclaimed. Lawrence's return to peacetime living was accompanied by a new creative fertility. For ten years to follow his pen scribbled fine short stories, long novels, large books of essays, and numerous poems and pamphlets. The war seemed to have altered his way of writing too. He began to sound like a man who had made up his mind and who was releasing at passionate length all the unwritten stuff inside him, all that was hibernated during the war.

He began to declare now with great vigor and conviction that the whole war was the result of that bad factor which he had managed to isolate out of modern life; the worn-out mode, idealism. "Lawrence had never seen so clearly; neither had he known so distinctly the necessity of writing," Potter states. (14) Within two years he published Women in Love (first printed privately in America, November, 1920).

In the summer of 1920 Lawrence and Frieda went to Baden-Baden where Frieda's mother was living. Lawrence and his mother-in-law became great friends, especially after the

war, but he knew that she always trembled lest any of the ladies in the Stift read his books.

They stayed at Ebersteinburg. Mornings Lawrence would take his scribbling pad and fountain-pen and go searching for a big pine tree out-of-doors somewhere nearby to lean against while he wrote. In the afternoon they would go down to Baden to Frieda's mother where they always enjoyed her own wildflowers, honey, fruit or nuts, or they would go for long walks.

Frieda's mother loved Lawrence and admitted to her one day: "It's strange that an old woman can still be as fond of a man as I am of that Lorenzo." (15)

Frieda, in discussing Lawrence and her mother, emphasized how long this love lasted. "When she and I were going to meet for the first time after his death, we were afraid to meet. She knew what his death meant to me, and I what it meant to her. So we avoided our common grief; there was no need of words.

"I think after Lawrence's death her desire to live left her. Less than a year after he died telling me: 'You have many friends, you have much to live for yet,' I got a telegram: 'Come.'

"I went but it was too late....At the door of the

very few we have seen the things mentioned just by the

labeled in the office with the number.

They signed at the beginning, the beginning of the

would have been something and the beginning of the

for a long time and the beginning of the

just against the wall. In the afternoon they would

go down to the river to the river where they always

left but not always, many, many, many, on the

would go for long walks.

There is a very large house and a small one

and they are always there in the house and still in

and they are always there in the house and still in

There is a very large house and a small one

and they are always there in the house and still in

and they are always there in the house and still in

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"I think there is something about the house in the

and they are always there in the house and still in

and they are always there in the house and still in

and they are always there in the house and still in

"I think there is something about the house in the

Stift I was told: 'The Frau Baronin died two hours ago.'

"She lay for the last time in her bedroom, the rocks of the Altes Schloss looking in through the window. 'Lawrence is there for me,' she had said." (16)

When they finally left Baden-Baden, they settled themselves at Taormina in Sicily. Lawrence was enchanted with the new-old Grecian world. He wrote enthusiastically and delicately: "....I went with my wife to Syracuse for a few days: lovely, lovely, lovely days, with the purple

anemones blowing in the Sicilian fields, and Adonis-blood red in the little ledges, and the corn rising strong and green in the magical, malarial places, and Etna flowing now to the northward, still with her crown of snow. The lovely, lovely journey from Catania to Syracuse, in spring, winding round the blueness of that sea, where the tall pink asphodel was dying, and the yellow asphodel like a lily showing her silk. Lovely, lovely Sicily, the dawn-place, Europe's dawn, with Odysseus pushing his ship out of the shadows into the blue. Whatever had died for me, Sicily had then not died: dawn-lovely Sicily and the Ionian Sea." (17)

Frieda delights her readers with more anecdotes from Taormina. "I remember when the mulberries were ripe and delicious and he climbed a big mulberry tree in his bathing suit. The mulberries were so juicy and red and they ran down his body so that he looked like one of those very realistic Christs we had seen on our walks across the Alps some years ago. (18)

(16) p. 95

(17) Quoted by Murry in Son of Woman, p. 139

(18) p. 114-115

"Once we had lunch with three friends at their villa. It was a jolly lunch. We had some white wine that seemed innocent, but it was not. When we left, going home, I felt its effects but soon got over it.

"We must hurry, because those two English ladies are coming to tea."

"So we hurried home and unfortunately the white Sicilian wine affected Lawrence later. The very English ladies came and Lawrence was terribly jovial and friendly with them. I tried to pull his sleeve and whispered: 'Go away,' but it was no use.

"What are you telling me to go away for?" he said.

"I could see the two visitors being very uneasy and wanting to leave.

"No, no, you must have some mimosa, I'll get you some," Lawrence insisted. So he went with them through the garden, tried to climb a small mimosa tree and fell.

"The ladies hurried away.

"Next day Lawrence was chagrined and he met one of the ladies and tried to apologize to her, but she was very stiff with him, so he said: 'Let her go to blazes.'" (19)

Frieda believes that it was from this incident that the story that Lawrence was a drunkard arose. "Poor Lawrence, he could not afford wine and didn't want it, who was

"Once we had lunch with these friends at their

will. It was a little while. He had some wine with

some tobacco, but it was not. Then he left, after some

I left the children and went to the street.

"I was not happy, because there was nothing to do."

and went to bed.

"I was not happy and unfortunately I was not

happy when I returned to the street. The very next day

the children and I went to the street and I was not

happy. I went to the street and I was not happy."

"I was not happy, but I was not happy."

"I was not happy, but I was not happy."

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"I was not happy, but I was not happy."

so naturally abstemious. I have seen him drunk only twice in all my life with him." (20)

Lawrence wrote Birds, Beasts and Flowers and Sea and Sardinia at Fontana Vecchia, and also The Lost Girl. Sea and Sardinia he wrote in about six weeks. Frieda doesn't think he altered a word of it.

Although he was a prolific writer, he really disliked talking about his work. He liked to meet people who knew nothing about him, because he wanted the private person separated from Lawrence, the writer and public man.

Lawrence's desire to leave Europe was growing throughout 1921. Wandering about in Italy, Germany and Austria, usually with Frieda, but occasionally alone he became increasingly restless. In November he received a letter from a wealthy American woman, Mabel Dodge, who had just read Sea and Sardinia with great delight and begged Lawrence to come out to Taos in New Mexico, where she was living with an Indian, Tony Luhan, who eventually became her husband.

In The Evening Land Lawrence confessed his divided mind with regard to America (according to Murry's interpretation). But regardless of whether Lawrence felt:

"Shall I come to you, the open tomb of my race?
I would come if I felt my hour had struck.
I would rather you came to me."

he and Frieda decided to accept with the following letter:

no materially different. I have been told that the

to be in the same way. (1901)

However, these things, which are the same

and perhaps at the same time, and also the same

and the same in the same way. The same

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"We are so keen on coming!--both of us. The mountain lakes and the piazzas and Indians, and I am very grateful to you for giving us the impetus to a real move and putting our noses onto the spot where I'm sure we want to go...." (21)

They left Italy in the spring of 1922 to reach America by way of Australia. They touched Ceylon and went on to western Australia where they stayed some weeks before going on to Sydney. During those weeks Lawrence began to write Kangaroo and Frieda says the days slipped by like dreams. "The everyday life was so easy, the food brought to the house, especially the fish cart was a thrill: it let down a flap and the back and like pearls and jewels inside the cart lay the shiny fishes, all colours, all shapes, and we had to try them all.

"We took long walks along the coast, lonely and remote and unorn. The weather was mild and full of life, we never got tired of the shore, finding shells for hours that the Pacific had rolled gently on to the sand.

"Lawrence religiously read the 'Sydney Bulletin.' He loved it for all its stories of wild animals and people's living experiences....

"At the library, strangely enough, in that little library of Thirroul we found several editions of Lawrence's condemned Rainbow. We bought a copy--the librarian never
(21) p. 116

knew it was Lawrence's own book." (22)

In August of 1922 the Lawrences set out for San Francisco via the South Seas, New Zealand and the islands. After docking they very quickly travelled down through California to New Mexico, to Taos where their hostess awaited them.

Frieda saw at once a new life for them. "Out from the pueblo to the east of us, a few miles away, came the feel of the Indians, so different from anything we had ever known. We neither of us wanted to stunt about it, but we were very happy. Tony went for two days with Lawrence to the Navajo country. I spent the days with Mabel and her friend, Alice Corbin. ~~Harry, tried to get him to go back to New Mexico~~

"....Mabel and Lawrence wanted to write a book together: about Mabel it was going to be. I did not want this. I had always regarded Lawrence's genius as given to me. I felt deeply responsible for what he wrote. And there was a fight between us, Mabel and myself: I think it was a fair fight. One day Mabel came over and told me she didn't think I was the right woman for Lawrence and other things equally upsetting and I was thoroughly roused and said: 'Try it then yourself, living with a genius, see what it is like and how easy it is, take him if you can.'" (23)

When Lawrence heard of this, he went off raving against Mabel, and to Frieda he said, "...it's your business to see that other women don't come too close to me." (24)

Lovely and sweet as Frieda strikes her reader, she agreed, "It was all very well, but I didn't know how to do it."

They left Mabel's ambient and went to live at the Del Monte Ranch under the mountains. "We had a log house, and the Hawks lived at the big house and in the lower log cabin lived two Danish painters who had come to stay with us." (25)

The Lawrences soon left America. Lawrence, according to Murry, tried to get him to go back to New Mexico with him "to form a new society there." But Murry did not go. The Lawrences returned alone, spent some time in New Jersey, and then while Frieda chose to go back to England again to see her children, Lawrence decided to revisit Mexico. Frieda felt lonesome for him, however, and soon came to the United States again.

In Mexico City an amusing episode occurred. One evening Lawrence was being given an evening in his honor by the Pen Club. It was a man's affair, and he put on his black clothes and set off in the evening. Frieda sat in the

hotel room where they were staying and wondered how the evening was going off. She knew Lawrence was unaccustomed to public functions, especially since he always shrank from being a public figure.

Soon after ten o'clock, he reappeared.

"How was it?" Frieda asked.

"Well, they read to me bits of The Plumed Serpent in Spanish and I had to sit and listen and then they made a speech and I had to answer."

"What did you say?"

"I said: here we are together, some of us English, some Mexicans and Americans, writers and painters and business men and so on, but before all and above all we are men together tonight. That was about what I said. But a young Mexican jumped up: 'It's all very well for an Englishman to say I am a man first and foremost, but a Mexican cannot say so, he must be a Mexican above everything.'" (26)

Of course, they had missed the whole point.

Lawrence, meanwhile, was feeling more and more ill with the bronchitis he had had since childhood. Fortunately for Frieda, she never realized how very sick he was. When Lawrence had recurrences of attacks, he thought he might die. He would say, grimly, "You'll bury me in this cemetery here," but Frieda would jolly him: "No, no, it's such an ugly

cemetery, don't think of it." (27)

And one night he said to her: "But if I die, nothing has mattered but you, nothing at all." (28) Frieda got him better by putting hot sandbags on him.

It was soon after in Mexico City that Frieda learned "Mr. Lawrence has tuberculosis." (29)

They remained at their ranch where spring seemed to bring life back to him. As he got better he began writing his play "David", and he would lie outside his little room on the porch in the sun.

At the end of the summer Lawrence became restless and again wanted to go to Europe, to the Mediterranean. They went to Florence.

Lawrence began to paint. Frieda used to enjoy watching him all during the long hours he would spend absorbed in his creation. He mixed his paints on a piece of glass and painted with a rag and his fingers, and his palm and his brushes. "Try your toes next," Frieda would sometimes suggest.

He also wrote Lady Chatterley's Lover then. "After breakfast--we had it at seven or so--he would take his book and pen and cushion, followed by John the dog, and go into the woods behind the Mirenda and come back to lunch with what he

(27) p. 149

(28) p. 149

(29) p. 151

had written. I read it day by day and wondered how his chapters were built up and how it all came to him. I wondered at his courage and daring to face and write these hidden things that people dare not write or say." (30)

"For two years Lady Chatterley lay in an old chest that Lawrence had painted a greenishyellow with roses on it, and often when I passed that chest, I thought: 'Will the book ever come out of there?'"

"Lawrence asked me: 'Shall I publish it, or will it only bring me abuse and hatred again?'" And Frieda answered faithfully: "You have written it, you believe in it, all right, then publish it." (31)

One day they went to a little old-fashioned printer, with a little printing shop there they had only enough type to do half the book--and Lady Chatterley's Lover was printed.

A great many copies were sold before there was a row, and some did not arrive at their destination in America, and there came abuse from England. But it was done--his last great work.

Lawrence fell ill again, but after he was nursed to his old strength, he sent his wife to London to an exhibition of his paintings. While she was there, discovering only that the police decided they belonged in the cellar of the Marlborough Police station till they could be destroyed,

(30) p. 193

(31) p. 193

Frieda received notice that Lawrence was ill once more.

The man, husband, human was nearing his end. Frieda tried to help him last longer by alternate living in the mountain air and then by the sea. He had already had a full life. He was a weary war victim and traveller. He even journeyed from Florence to Toulon to Antibes to Venice, in Southern France, to greet death who had been struggling to make his acquaintance a long time. He died on the third of March, 1930 at the young age of 45. (32)

No tribute could be more simple and honest than a paragraph Frieda wrote in her reminiscences about life with a man she knew more thoroughly than anyone else could have had opportunity to know and a human whom she loved.

"I think the greatest pleasure and satisfaction for a woman is to live with a creative man, when he goes ahead and fights--I found it so. Always when he was in the middle of a novel or writing I felt happy as if something were happening, there was a new thing coming into the world. Often before he conceived a new idea he was irritable and disagreeable, but when it had come, the new vision, he could go ahead, and was eager and absorbed." (33)

(32) Murry says March 3; Gregory claims March 2, other critics fail to mention any date of death

(33) p. 194

Private received notice that Lawrence was ill some time.

The next morning, however, when he awoke, his wife, Private,

tried to help him, but he was so weak that he could not get up. He was already ill and when he was, he had already had a fall.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

He was a very old man and was very weak.

"I think the present situation is satisfactory."

For a while he was with a convulsive man, when he was

and he was with a convulsive man, when he was

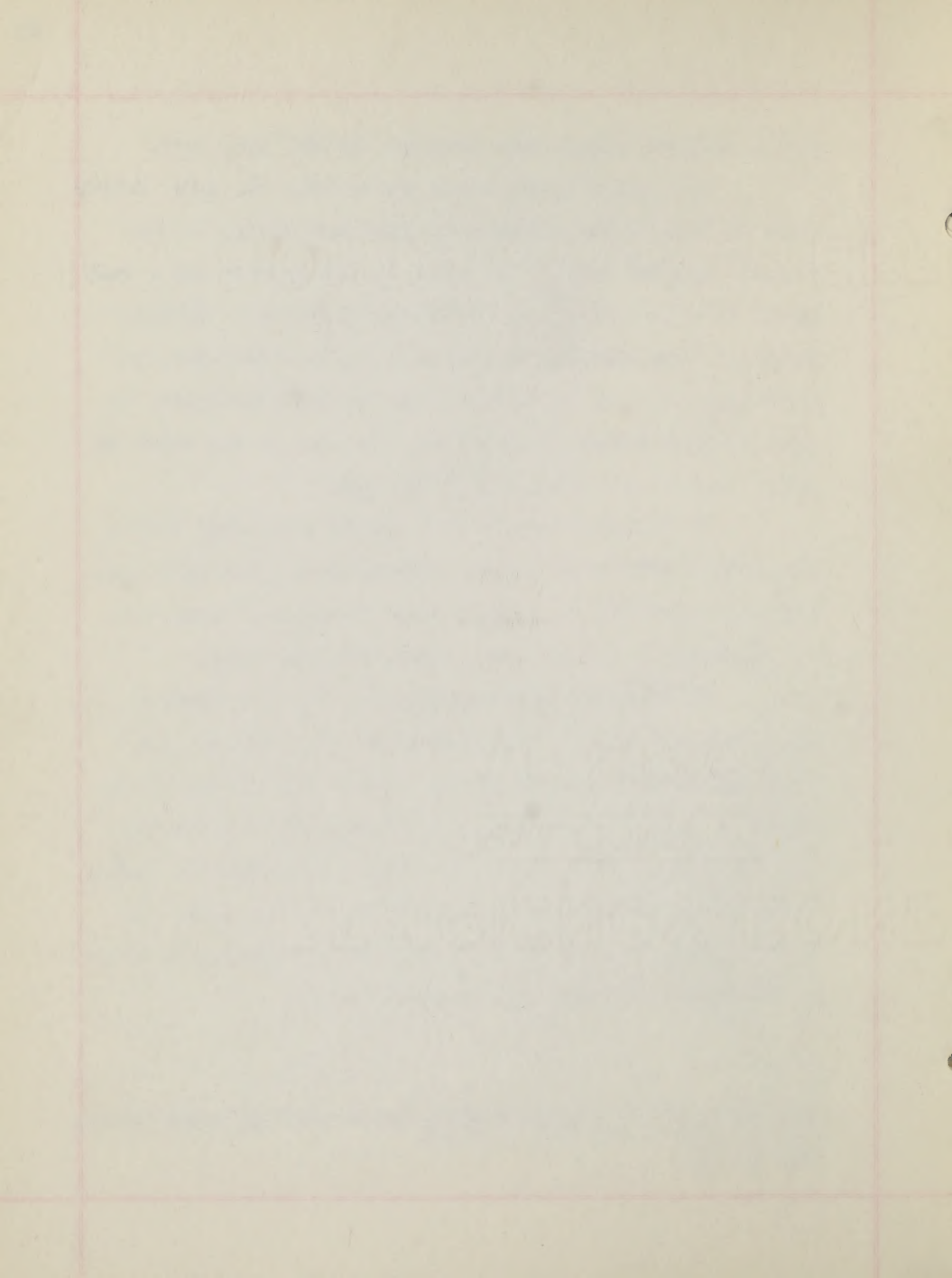
and he was with a convulsive man, when he was

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PART II

D.H. Lawrence

Artist

When Lawrence wrote, his motto was "Art for my sake." Yet as Aldous Huxley says in his introduction to The Letters of D.H. Lawrence he still wrote art and was "always and necessarily an artist."

What Lawrence meant by his motto was explained in one of his letters. "If I want to write, I write--the difficulty is to find exactly the form of one's passion--art is produced by passion with art, like kisses."

In a way, any writer who writes because "he has to", because he "must get something out of his system," might be writing "art for my sake," Lawrence wrote, because he had to, because he had something to say, because there were feelings in his heart and words in his head. He had to express himself passionately. His means of expression was writing, but fortunately he was gifted with artistic techniques to go along with this urge.

It was hard for Lawrence to write, not because of any scarcity of language, but because it was work, which

occasionally must have been overstrained. Most writers, who write to release themselves of some idea or theory or belief, do find writing tedious, because they are not freed from the inside striving until their piece of writing is accomplished and perfected, according to their tastes.

When Lawrence wrote, his motto was "Art for my sake." Yet as Aldous Huxley says in his introduction to The Letters of D.H. Lawrence he still wrote art and was "always and unescapably an artist."

What Lawrence meant by his motto was explained in one of his letters before the war. "If I want to write, I write--and if I don't want to, I won't. The difficulty is to find exactly the form of one's passion--work is produced by passion with me, like kisses."

In a way, any writer who writes because "he has to", because he "must get something out of his system," might be writing "art for my sake." Lawrence wrote, because he had to, because he had something to say, because there were feelings in his heart and words in his head. He had to express himself passionately. His means of expression was writing, but fortunately he was gifted with artistic techniques to go along with this urge.

It was hard for Lawrence to write, not because of any scarcity of language, but because it was work, which

occasionally must have been over strenuous. Most writers, who write to release themselves of some idea or theory or belief, do find writing tedious, because they are not freed from the inside craving until their piece of writing is accomplished and perfected, according to their tastes.

Lawrence sometimes complained: "I wish, from the bottom of my heart, the fates had not stigmatized me 'writer.' It is a sickening business." Writing to Edward Garnett, he once asked: "Why, why should we be plagued with literature and such-like tomfoolery? Why can't we live decent, honorable lives, without the critics in the Little Theater fretting us?"

This was probably Lawrence's attitude when he reached the lowest depths of his works, when he found parts difficult to express, when he saw his books banned. But when he completed a book, he always seemed to be atop the world, to deem his hard work satisfactory, to love his destiny.

Huxley agrees he "loved the art of which he was a master." (1) If Lawrence could not write, he would just as soon have died. His inner cravings, had they not been expressed, would have bombarded one another till they became knotted and finally strangled him.

(1) p. ix

occasionally must have been overdone. Most writers
 who write to please themselves of some idea of their ex-
 cellence. As time wears on, however, they are not free
 from the inside striving still. Their place of writing is
 complicated and postponed, according to their tastes.
 Sometimes a certain vigilance: "I wish, from the
 aspect of myself, the form, and not neglected as
 'writer', it is a standing witness," relating to them.
 Generally, he does not: "Why, why should we be placed
 with literature and with the postscript, we don't write
 about, however it is, without the writer in the little
 theater looking up?"
 This was probably Lawrence's attitude when he
 received the letter about all his work, then he found paper
 difficult to procure, when he saw his work improved, but
 when he completed a book, he always found it to be good, and
 would, to read his hand some satisfaction, he gave his
 feeling.
 During those he "loved the art of which he was
 a writer." (1) At Lawrence could not write, he would just as
 soon have died. His time everything, but they not even
 expressed, which have completed one another still they remain
 needed and finally answered his.

His liking or disliking of art becomes irrelevant in the face of the fact that Lawrence was in a real sense possessed by his creative genius. He could not help himself.

Huxley tells us, "Lawrence's biography does not account for Lawrence's achievement. On the contrary, his achievement, or rather the gift that made the achievement possible, accounts for a great deal of his biography. He lived as he lived, because he was, intrinsically and from birth, what he was." (2)

He was a normal human being, but the owner of a great enviable gift, which resulted from a drive and a great deal of conscientious hard work.

Frieda, who seems to have known Lawrence as a human being, doesn't say much about his genius; perhaps this was due to her sense of modesty. Once she admitted, however, that when she met other writers "then I knew without knowing how different altogether Lawrence was. They may have been good writers, but Lawrence was a genius.

"The inevitability of what he elementally was and had to say at any price, his knowledge and vision, came to him from deeper secret sources than it is given to others to draw from. When I read Aeschylus and Sophocles, then I know Lawrence is great, he is like these--greatest in his

work, where human passions heave...and mingle and clash..."

(3)

Of course, although Frieda was an intelligent, highly-cultured and widely-read person, some of her praise of Lawrence must be considered emergent from the love she felt for him. But in these brief words she indicates her first discoveries that Lawrence was an artist. She always thought of him first as a human person, warm and tender and devoted.

Because he possessed these qualities of sensitivity, Lawrence believed that art should flower from an immediate impulse toward self-expression or communication, and should wither with the passing of the impulse. It was characteristic of him that he hardly ever corrected or patched what he had written, he did not transpose and clip, but he rewrote. Huxley believes that there are three complete and totally distinct manuscripts of Lady Chatterley's Lover.

D.H. was determined that all he produced should spring direct from the mysterious, irrational power within him. The conscious intellect should never be allowed to come and impose, after the event, its abstract pattern of perfection. Perhaps that is what Frieda suggested when she said Lawrence could write only in places "where one's imagination could have space and free play, where the door was not closed to the future, where one's vision could people

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REPORT

ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK

During the year 1900, the work of the Department of Zoology has been carried on in accordance with the plan laid down at the beginning of the year. The principal objects of the year have been the completion of the collection of the mammals of the State of Illinois, and the preparation of the report on the same. The collection of the mammals of the State of Illinois has been completed, and the report on the same is now in the hands of the printer. The principal objects of the year have been the completion of the collection of the mammals of the State of Illinois, and the preparation of the report on the same. The collection of the mammals of the State of Illinois has been completed, and the report on the same is now in the hands of the printer.

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is with new souls to be born, who would live a new life." (b)
 Perhaps that is what Lawrence wished to achieve when he
 declared in Confessions of the Unrepentant that "the novel and
 poems were intended not of one's pen... but pure spontaneous
 experiences."

He followed these confessions with a list of his
 philosophy which summarizes well some of his main purposes:
 "...I've got to rip the old veil of vision away, and
 stand with the human world as it is, for the most part, and
 not to put it down in terms of belief and knowledge.
 And then to forward again, to the fulfillment of life and
 love." (c)

It was this same in the sphere of action as in that
 of art. Lawrence rejected Propaganda: "They want me to have
 love; that means, they want me to have their perversion,
 their own kind of love, and I won't." (d) He said
 this about his novels, and it could be applied to his life.
 For Lawrence insisted that every man must be an artist in
 life, must create his own love. The art of living is a more
 than the art of writing. "It is a more subtle thing
 to make love, and to win love, than to declare love." (e)

- (f) p. 115
- (g) p. 11, Confessions of the Unrepentant
- (h) quoted by Henry in the letters of D. H. Lawrence, p. 111
- (i) quoted by Henry in the letters of D. H. Lawrence, p. 111

Lawrence felt, according to Huxley, that the difficulty of living aroused all the more reason for practising it with the most refined and subtle sensitivity, all the more reason for not accepting that "pernicious skin-and-grief form" of morality.

Because he believed that most of men's activities were more or less criminal distractions, he refused to write of the main activities of the contemporary world. Therefore, for everyone who reads his books today there are ten who understand that what he writes has generally something to do with sex, that he speaks often of the unconscious, that he uses the word dark as often as Dante uses the word light, and that he believes in the importance of savages, animals, and the Holy Ghost.

There are a number of possible attitudes toward D.H. Lawrence and his subject-matter. He was, as the majority of his critics agree, primarily concerned with persons, with their feelings. In developing characters he did not weave systems. He concentrated not on talk and appearance but on the emotions of his people, those conscious and unconscious responses that surge independently inside one. This is the essence of Lawrence's writing. This is what makes him an artist as well as a man. He idealized human emotions and presented the interior depths of human feeling rather than the external appearance of human surface.

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it with the most refined and subtle sensitivity, all the
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the external appearance of human conduct.

In a letter to Edward Garnett, dated June 5th, 1914, Lawrence declared his theory of character creation: "You musn't look in my novel for the old stable ego of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically-unchanged element. (Like as diamond and coal are the same pure single element of carbon. The ordinary novel would trace the history of the diamond-- but I say, 'Diamond, what! This is carbon! ' And my diamond might be coal or soot, and my theme is carbon.)"

It is universally admitted that when he want to get a true picture of human life: behavior, manners, customs, aspirations, indulgences, vices, virtues, it is to the novelist and historian we turn, not to the psychologist or the physiologist. The novelists gather materials more abundantly than the psychologists. This is what Lawrence did, although he took the uncommon sense view of psychology, because he could "always perceive the otherness behind the most reassuringly familiar phenomenon." (8)

(8) p. xxii

In his Fantasia of the Unconscious Lawrence reveals the strangeness of his psychological concepts. "...The intrinsic truth of every individual is the new unit of unique individuality which emanates from the fusion of the parent nuclei. This is the incalculable and intangible Holy Ghost each time--each individual has own Holy Ghost... (9) But considering man at his best, he is at the start faced with the great problem. At the very start he has to undertake his tripartite being, the mother within him, the father within him, and the Holy Ghost, the self which he is supposed to consummate, and which mostly he doesn't...And so, the blood-stream of race is one stream, forever. But the moment the mystery of pure individual newness ceased to be enacted and fulfilled; the blood-stream would dry up and be finished. Mankind would die out." (10)

Hence the strangeness of his novels; and hence, also it must be admitted certain qualities which make some of them, for all their richness and their unexpected beauty, so curiously difficult to get through. Most of us are more interested in diamonds and coal than in undifferentiated carbon, however vividly described.

Two paragraphs in Aaron's Rod reveal Lawrence's ability to catch and express human feelings. He describes

(9) p. 25

(10) p. 26

the effect on Aaron of being robbed. Conventionally speaking, Aaron is an unemotional man, yet:

"As he was going home, suddenly, just as he was passing the Bergello, he stopped. He stopped, and put his hand to his breast pocket. It was as if lightning ran through him at that moment, as if a fluid electricity rushed down his limbs, through the sluice of his knees, and out as his feet, leaving him standing there almost unconscious..."

"He had been robbed...and he had known it. When the soldiers jostled him so evilly they robbed him. He had known it as if it were fate...Feeling quite weak and faint, as if he had really been struck by some evil electric fluid, he walked on. And as soon as he began to walk, he began to reason. Perhaps his lettercase was in his other coat...." (11)

This Lawrence quality in people is brought out in another more indirect, but more objective way. One of the old jokes against him is that his men are all thigh and his women, all hip. It is his way of not concentrating on the face when he describes. He seems to feel the gesture of the body is far more lucid, and that it has only become unexpressive stagnating beneath clothes. A man standing without clothes, Lawrence remarked once, is like a trampcar stripped of its advertisements. Naked bodies are only undressed bodies nowadays, he added. "Nevertheless though in words we concentrate on the accepted face and hands, there is more communication, for Lawrence, on the whole body." (12)

(11) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 104

(12) p. 104

When Lawrence presents two individuals talking and looking across to each other over space, they seem one organic whole with a flow of intercommunication much stronger and more expressive than the words and looks which interpret it. To Lawrence, this "flow between" is the important thing and knowing his own power of calling it into consciousness, he likes to explain it sometimes as a new science, an addition to human knowledge, with new data.

In the Fantasia he works out a kind of anatomy of it. He tries, in a kind of morphology of centres of "polarity" attraction and repulsion--to express anatomically the ways in which people are connected. In particular, for instance, he explains what passes between child and mother and the different but equally important link between child and father--all existing outside the region of conscious control, only damaged by deliberate interference, deliberate control, or deliberate love.

Lawrence's critics sometimes remark that although the characters in his novels are highly developed for feeling, there never were such people. Or perhaps they attempt to defame Lawrence by declaring that the author speaks in terms of himself. But Lawrence cannot be blasphemed for either "failing." Instead he might be lauded, for as Potter

states, "If the man is a fixed character with a finished 'personality', he will only be printing off reproductions of his own dead image. But if he is full of unrealized selves, and able to reveal them, anthropomorphism will be this revelation--will be creation." (13)

We believe, however, that Lawrence did not present human personalities in the accepted sense of the term, because he was not writing of the "accepted," but of the "rejected." He was writing of men and women who could not live harmoniously in the complicated society to which the majority of us must adapt ourselves. For the most part, Lawrence's characters were nervous, discontented, unfulfilled, unhappy neurotics.

Many critics, especially J. Middleton Murry, attempt to make Lawrence a psychopathic case too, by declaring he projected himself into his works, that he was his main character. Is it not possible that Lawrence realized the disturbances of his people and wrote about them because he realized, not because he experienced? If Lawrence were a neurotic, how could he handle the characters in his volumes with such patience, tenderness, and with the understanding so often typical of a sympathetic psychiatrist?

No, Lawrence was not neurotic. He was normal, intelligent, loving. He was a human being who could write objectively but warmly about the people he pitied, hated and loved at the same time, and wished to straighten out more than anything else in the world. He was a man of extreme physical sensibility. Again in Fantasia he illustrates this by emphasizing not the outside organs of sense but the center to which they lead. He did not see "with his eye only, in a detached dissecting glance," (14) but he saw also with the root of conscious vision located in the breast. He says we are straining ourselves to see, see too much in one mode-- "to see, see, see everything, everything through the eye, in one mode of objective curiosity...." (15)

By means of a partial achievement in self-knowledge he seems to have gained an inkling of his own roots, a consciousness of the direction and trend of his life which assists him in knowing the life directions of others. One of Lawrence's primary distinctions in writing is between male and female, their modes of behavior, their functions and natural tendencies.

The typical Lawrence hero represents Lawrence's ideal man. Aaron might again be referred to as an example of him. As near as possible he is the reverse of Hamlet.

(14) Potter, p. 109

(15) p. 81

Neither introspective, self-hating, incapable of translating thought into action, nor intellectual. On the contrary, deep though his feelings are, he cannot speak them except in so far as the imposed necessities of a novel awkwardly insist. The surface complications which prevent Hamlet from behaving in accordance with his real wants are absent, the most important result of which is that in the issue which Lawrence makes the chief test--namely the sex issue--he is never at a loss. He never "uses" sex for pleasure of childbearing; nor does he suffer Hamlet's revulsions. Continence and incontinence--neither word has any connection with him, since all his relationships rise not from pre-determinations but from inner impulse. Therefore in his sexual relationships particularly, successful experience will be eventually certain.

"It is an attempt to express positively what Shakespeare is expressing negatively, the necessity for allowing the real self to act without being thwarted by a wilful ego. The complete bodily health of the Lawrence hero follows as automatically as his complete shamelessness," (16) Potter points out.

Lawrence holds up his hero before us, but he stresses the fact that his hero doesn't hold himself up as an ideal,

or try to alter people to suit him, or exert his will--his "superficial" will or determination--to alter other people and himself. But neither will he allow other people to alter him.

The Lawrence heroine is largely and luxuriously formed like the hero. She is related to him in most ways except that she is inclined to fall back in the deepest issues. She has a womanly lack of infallibility. It is always a question, as with Kate in The Plumed Serpent, of overcoming a slight unwillingness to abandon herself. She is always a little more influenced by the handicaps and consciousness of modern life. She cannot stand entirely alone, or she casts too many regretful glances back toward the things she only thinks she wants. Nevertheless she will in the end be completely fulfilled--by means, particularly of sexual experience. For, as with the hero, she is fortunate and heroic.

Besides the Lawrence hero and heroine there is also a Lawrence "man." He may be recognized as Birkin, in Women in Love; Lilley, in Aaron's Rod; Somers, in Kangaroo. He is small and sensitive, quiet and contained, distant and attractive. He can cook his own meals, and tell the names of the colors and material of women's clothes. He is familiar with trees and flowers and shells. He can abandon

himself to experience and the enacting of his wants, and he can express his feelings intellectually. He is a kind of leader, despised and rejected by villains.

The hero and heroine and Lawrence man are set in action in Lawrence's world of heaven and hell. His heaven is away from factories, jazz and cinema chiefly. It is placed preferably in the luxuriant semi-tropical parts of the earth where the sun and moon are brilliant. "Where the towns are small, unmodern and not too clean. Where the inhabitants are members of a dark-colored aboriginal race not too buttoned up in conventional clothing. A mixture of brilliant sun, bodies, desert places and intense dark..." (17)

The hell is the mechanical world itself where everything is experienced exclusively in the head and talked to pieces there. The satan there is fair and civilized, Oxford-cultured often. He either deliberately over-indulges in sex by way of seeing life or he is symbolically impotent. The villainess is full of romantic fancies; she either forms intimacies with men and withdraws from sexual contact when that is offered or she is a ravisher.

In Lawrence's world the most obvious event is the general process of breaking away from life. The background of death always seems to be there. In The White Peacock there is a description of the death of George, although (17) p. 27

he is still existing at the end of the book. It is a description of a life denier, a man who weakly disobeyed certain commands and therefore to Lawrence, a description of death. A man dies when he wants to, according to Lawrence's philosophy. In Women in Love Gerald Crich dies because he always withholds himself from that real contact with people which would establish him. He closes himself to the source of life-- a withering, bleaching, freezing well-described. The death of Kangaroo is a death of discouragement and lack of acceptance of the different world which Somers represents. "In all these processes, besides the well-described detail and circumstance of the actual facts of death, what is well-defined is the unconscious will to die underneath the automatic external determination to keep alive." (18)

Again the reader discovers Lawrence's sensitivity to human feeling.

In the Fantasia Lawrence speaks of real death and admits that his philosophy does border on mysticism, a term which is often associated with him. He says: "The living live, and then die. They pass away, as we know, to dust and to oxygen and nitrogen and so on...I am sorry to say I believe in the souls of the dead. I am almost ashamed to say, that

(18) p. 107

I believe the souls of the dead in some way re-enter and pervade the souls of the living; so that life is always the life of living creatures, and death is always our affair. This bit, I admit, is bordering on mysticism. I'm sorry, because I don't like mysticism..." (19)

Lawrence's works are filled with references to the failure or success of the sex experience. These passages resulted directly from the author's concern with human emotion, because, of course, the sex emotion is one of the strongest of man's system. Lawrence's concern with sex brought many critics to the point of finding him psychopathic once again. Huxley says he was preoccupied with the subject, because his gift of catching the feeling inside people's hearts made it inevitable. The significance of the sexual experience was that it brought "the immediate, non-mental knowledge of divine otherness to a focus--a focus of darkness," (20) Huxley says.

How could a man who attacked Freud's preoccupation with sex be psychologically disturbed by sex himself? In his first chapter of Fantasia of the Unconscious Lawrence attacks Freud's way. It is going too far to attribute a sexual motive to all human activity. An element of it enters all human activity, but so does an element of greed

and of many other things. "What Freud says is always partly true, and half a loaf is better than no bread. But really there is the other half of the loaf. All is not sex. And a sexual motive is not to be attributed to all human activities. We know it, without need to argue...(21)

"Was the building of the cathedrals a working up toward the act of coition? Was the dynamic impulse sexual? No...The sexual impulse, in its widest form, was a very great impulse towards the building of the Panama Canal. But there was something else, of even higher importance, and greater dynamic power. (22)

"And what is this other, greater impulse? It is the desire of the human male to build a world: not 'to build a world for you, dear'; but to build up out of his own self and his own belief and his own effort something wonderful...It is the pure disinterested craving of the human male to make something wonderful, out of his own head and his own self, and his own soul's faith and delight, which starts everything going. This is the prime motivity. And the motivity of sex is subsidiary to this: often directly antagonistic." (23)

(21) p. 13

(22) p. 14

(23) p. 14

How can a man who is so bitter against the burlesquing commercialization of sex be considered sex perverted? It is absolutely impossible. A man who believed that the essential motive for all human activity was religious and creative cannot be labeled homosexual or abnormal in any way. Lawrence was entirely normal. His books may present characters who seem preoccupied with sex, but they are no criterion for judging the man who created them from his imagination.

Huxley tells us, in fact, that Lawrence hated Eleonora and Ligeia and Roderick Usher and all such soulful Mrs. Shandies, male as well as female. "What a horror, too, he had of all Don Juans, all knowing sensualists and conscious libertines! (About the time he was writing Lady Chatterley's Lover he read the memoirs of Casanova, and was profoundly shocked.) And how bitterly he loathed the Wilhelm-Meisterish view of love as an education, as a means to a culture, a Sandow-exerciser for the soul! To use love in this way, consciously and deliberately, seemed to Lawrence wrong, almost a blasphemy." (24)

"It seems to me queer," Lawrence once said to a fellow writer, "you prefer to present men chiefly--as if you cared for women not so much for what they were themselves as for what their men saw in them. So that (24) p. xii, xiii

after all in your work women seem not to have an existence, save they are the projections of the men...It's the positivity of women you seem to deny--make them sort of instrumental." (25) The instrumentality of Wilhelm Meister's women shocked Lawrence profoundly.

Lawrence wrote of sex, because it was one of the human emotions, because he hated the gutter environment to which it was being taken, because he wanted to prevent people from having tragic lives like those of his characters.

Horace Walpole once said that "life is a comedy to those who think; it is a tragedy to those who feel." Lawrence felt and found life very tragic. He expressed the tragedy in his books. Only an artist would be able to find life tragic and remain so devoted to his art which revealed that tragedy. Only an artist could grasp the feeling of one man and show how it was different from that of another. Only an artist could convey truthfully the feelings of youth and pain, manhood and contentment in descriptive and picturesque passages, as Lawrence does. Only an artist could distinguish honestly his own feelings and emotions from conventional sentiment. To be an artist who could be objective and yet sympathize, one must first be normal and intelligent. This was Lawrence, the normal, charming human being and the outstanding, intuitive artist.

(25) Quoted by Huxley in The Letters of D.H. Lawrence, p.xiii

Huxley, who loved Lawrence deeply both as a man and as an artist, talks of him with critical understanding and keen appreciation. "Lawrence inhabited a different universe from that of common men-- a brighter and intenser world, of which, while he spoke, he would make you free. He looked at things with the eyes, so it seemed, of a man who had been at the brink of death and to whom, as he emerges from the darkness, the world reveals itself unfathomably beautiful and mysterious. For Lawrence, existence was one continuous convalescence; it was as though he were newly reborn from a mortal illness every day of his life. What these convalescent eyes saw, his most casual speech would reveal....He seemed to know by personal experience, what it was like to be a tree or a daisy or a breaking wave or even the mysterious moon itself. He could get inside the skin of an animal and tell you in the most convincing detail how it felt and how, dimly, inhumanly, it thought...." (26)

Under it is very much indicated for any young
 man to be anything but any way of telling a story
 that he is influenced by the work of S. S. Lawrence.
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Chapter V

"The Passionate Exploration of Life"

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Today it is very nearly impossible for any young novelist who has something to say beyond telling a mere story not to be influenced by the work of D. H. Lawrence. For D. H. was so concerned with human feelings, so aware of the psychological concepts of man's mind that he presented an extraordinary display of sensitivity. All his books, written hastily in the emotion of the moment, and sometimes as hastily revised in the emotion of another moment, reveal the influences, external and internal, under which each was written.

Lawrence's career was long and hard. It might be divided into four clearly marked periods: the first ending with his mother's death; the second beginning with his meeting Frieda; the third starting, roughly with his leaving England in 1919 and continuing till his return in 1923; and the fourth and last period ending with his death on March 3, 1930.

The White Peacock, which Lawrence showed to Miriam as he wrote it, was his first novel, and it was

favorably received. It was written and rewritten during the six years before the crucial event of his mother's death. Its theme is Hagg's Farm, and the memories out of which it was written were the happiest in Lawrence's life. Consequently it has a charm and freshness that is hard to find in some of his later works. At this time he was able to look at life with the detachment of a poet and even, of a humorist.

One scene illustrates this light touch. Lawrence is describing eleven young pigs struggling round a trough. Ten have fought for a place, but the eleventh has fought in vain, and screams in baffled rage in the rear.

"The ten little gluttons only twitched their ears to make sure there was no danger in the noise, and they sucked harder, with much spilling and slobbering. George laughed like a sardonic Jove, but at last he gave ear, and kicked the ten gluttons from a trough, and allowed the residue to the eleventh. This one, poor wretch, almost wept with relief as he sucked and swallowed in sobs, casting his little eyes apprehensively upwards, though he did not lift his eyes from the trough, as he heard the vindictive shrieks of ten little friends kept at bay by George. The solitary feeder, shivering with apprehension, rubbed the wood bare with his snout, then, turning up to heaven his eyes of gratitude, he reluctantly left the trough. I expected to see the ten fall upon him and devour him, but they did not; they rushed upon the empty trough, and rubbed the wood still drier, shrieking with misery." (1)

(1) Quoted by Kingsmill in The Life of D.H. Lawrence, p. 96.

Lawrence's understanding of psychological patterns is presented in his character portrayals here. The principal character is Letty, who is the anlage for all his female characters, their immoralities and bestialities, characteristics resultant from their miscontrol of physical and mystical love. Her story is a simple one. Her mother, a lady of fine character, has been put to the acid test by the moral defalcation of her father, a drunkard and wastrel with charm. Leslie, a young man with money and social position, commonplace, emotionally shallow, spiritually inelastic, unimaginative, but intelligent and straightforward, woos the temperamental, volatile, romantic Letty, but fails to conquer.

At last the appeal which Leslie wished to make to her is effected by George, a young farmer "stoutly built, brown-eyed, and fair-skinned," whom Letty finds "ruddy, dark and with great thrilling eyes" and whom she calls her bull.

The abnormality which Lawrence often writes about appears in the friendship which George and Letty's brother form, which might be as Collins says, "in dimmest outline the prototype of that extraordinary relationship existing between Gerald Crich and Rupert Birkin in Women in Love." (2)

(2) p. 263.

The book shows the influence of Thomas Hardy after whom Lawrence in his early youth sedulously patterned himself. Here Lawrence was concerned with the photographic description of rustic scenes and particularly the lives of farmers and miners--which he knew from experience. He also showed a sensitive appreciation of natural beauty.

But, of course, the interest of the book is in the fact that it contains, as has already been stated, trial pictures of most of his later characters. George is Tom Brangwen of The Rainbow; Leslie, grown up and more arrogant, is Gerald in Women in Love and Gerald Barlow in Touch and Go; Cyril, more experienced and daring, is called Rupert Birkin when he is introduced again.

In all of Lawrence's books the same characters appear, according to critic Collins. "They vary only in having different standards and different degrees of immorality." Whatever Collins means, not all of Lawrence's characters are immoral. The majority, in fact, are moral. Lawrence determines their status by whether they prostitute sex. If they do, they ruin it and are immoral. That is the very point Lawrence strives to emphasize.

The environment is usually the same--a mining town: a countryside pitted with collieries; farms "teeming with evidence of vegetable and animal life which is described with such intensity that the reader feels he is witnessing a new era of creation; mean drab houses; and squalid pubs." (3) But Lawrence often sets the scene in Italy, Mexico and other places.

Lawrence's second novel, The Trespasser, again combines Lawrence's sensitive, impassioned apprehension of nature with his great capacity for describing the feelings of commonplace people. Here Helena, the heroine, is headstrong, determined, emancipated, self-sufficient. She falls in love with her music teacher, Sigmund, a man of forty who had married when seventeen a matter-of-fact young woman who gave him many children whom he supported badly. Helena notices that Sigmund is tired and suggests that they spend a few days together in the Isle of Wight. She makes the plans, and they carry them through together. Of course the three main characters mentioned here are types of neurotics, all in discord with their own little universe: Helena, because of the new, strange situation; Sigmund, because he was worn out, and his wife, because she too was tired.

(3) Collins, p. 264.

The scenery and tools that Lawrence uses here are skillfully handled. There's moonlight for ecstasy, naked bathing and lying on the sand or the grass for moments of gazing in rapture at the body; and lovely flowers and plants for bewitching shadows. But above all there is a manifestation of Lawrence's knowledge of the effects of baffled eroticism, of collision between primitive simple passion and artificial aberrant passion.

It was about this time that Lawrence began Sons and Lovers, the book which emerged quite naturally from his work on the first two. The author had already lost his mother, but the vitality which he exerted brought the past wholly into consciousness and took Lawrence a step forward toward self-understanding and in his creative career. Also at this moment he met the woman who was to be his wife, who enters into the very substance of his work and remains in it to the end.

May, 1912, opened the second period of Lawrence's career.

Frieda, who soon became his wife, later in her reminiscences says that she read every day what Lawrence had written, that his writing was the outcome of their daily life, also that : "I had to take in what he had written and had to like it. Then he was satisfied and

did not care for the approval of the rest of the world. What he wrote he had lived and was sure of." (4)

When Lawrence gave the world Sons and Lovers, it returned to him, more than any other of his books had, a reputation for an understanding of the strange blood bonds that unite families and human beings, and for having an unusual, almost exquisite discrimination in the use of language.

"The first part of Sons and Lovers," Lawrence wrote in an account of himself not many months before he died, "is all autobiography." The Strelley Farm of the imaginative story is palpable Willey Farm of the history; Emily is Miriam; George is Edgar. The book is the record of Lawrence's youth. J. Middleton Murry declares: "It is a magnificent book: for those who do not care to follow Lawrence in the passionate exploration of life which subsequently engrossed him, it will probably remain his greatest book." (5)

When Lawrence wrote Fantasia of the Unconscious, about eight years later, he explained in his mystical terms the theme of the story told here in indirect narrative form. Written when Lawrence was thirty-five and more mature, the book presents the essence of Sons and Lovers.

(4) p. 115.

(5) p. 7.

The relation of marriage between a man and woman, Lawrence writes, is the necessary basis of the new order of society which he desires. In order that this relation should be creative, and not destructive, it is necessary that the man should at the age of maturity, assume a sacred responsibility for the next purposive step into the future. If this creative responsibility is not undertaken by the man, then the love-craving of the woman will become frenzied and lay waste the family.

If the reader fails to understand the phrases Lawrence used, the meaning will be vague. Some explanation is necessary. When Lawrence speaks of the "creative", he means creative as opposed to destructive, creative as lending to the support of another's soul.

Lawrence's psychology continues: then the unhappy woman beats about for her insatiable satisfaction. She usually turns to her ~~child~~, and there, in her own son, she seems to find the response she is craving. "So she throws herself into a last great love for her son, a final and fatal devotion, that which would have been the richness and strength of her husband and is poison to her boy." (6)

(6) p. 177-8.

Drawing a perfect picture of psychological cause and effect, Lawrence declares that the son then gets on swimmingly for a time. He becomes inflated with his mother's love, support, power.

"And then?--and then, with this glamorous youth? What is he actually to do with his sensual, sexual self? Bury it? Or make an effort with a stranger. For he is taught, even by his mother, that his manhood must not forego sex. Yet he is linked up in ideal love already, the best he will ever know...(7) You will not easily get a man to believe that his carnal love for the woman he has made his wife is as high a love as that he felt for his mother..." (8)

Following Sons and Lovers, Lawrence produced the early part of The Lost Girl, The Prussian Officer, a book of short stories; "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd", a three-act play; and Love Among the Haystacks. All these were works in prose. Lawrence was still writing poetry, however, and before he wrote his next great book of the second period, which is The Rainbow, he had completed Love Poems and Others, Amores, and had started Look! We Have Come Through!

(7) p. 181.

(8) p. 182.

It was during the last few months the Lawrences were spending at Lake Garda in Italy that D.H. found time to write The Rainbow. While he was working on it, he told a friend, "I am doing a novel which I have never grasped. Damn its eyes, there I am at page 145, and I've no notion what it's about." (9) Having subsided into the will, Lawrence wrote this book in a sort of coma, his imagination projecting his impulses automatically as in a dream.

The book is extremely interesting as a revelation of Lawrence's desires and chagrins, social as well as sexual. Lawrence's main chagrin was that sexuality was so often transformed into sensuality. It became often merely a temptation to man. The people in the book are farmers and farmers' sons who "knew the intercourse between heaven and earth, sunshine drawn into the breast and bowels." (10) Lawrence is a warm and fulfilled man here in The Rainbow, which presents accounts of marriages and idealizes and beautifies the life of lovers.

Potter states that Lawrence records this as part of his new experience. "It is the result of the new man he has become. One of the things he can say he knows is that

(9) Quoted by Kingsmill in The Life of D.H. Lawrence, p. 74

(10) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 51

union is the wrong word for a perfect meaning in marriage. ...It is not a mingling, but a mutual exchange of revelation." (11)

In The Rainbow Lawrence writes of men and women as possessed or not possessed of a certain 'centrality'--a self beneath the ego. All the characters are shown in clear terms of this definite distinction--their possession or lack of this essential which Lawrence knows to be in himself. In this book the person who has this quality completely is Ursula; one who has it not at all is her lover, Skrebensky. The difference between the two is brought out dramatically. Ursula is obedient to herself rather than to her feelings of pity; she leaves Skrebensky. When Skrebensky is thrust back on a self which is not there, he collapses. "He is possessed by the horror of not-being," (12) as Potter says. He becomes only a cold surface of consciousness, as Lawrence describes him. He can "have no experience of any sort."

Ursula speaks of him: "It's all such a nothingness, what he feels and what he doesn't feel." (13) Disloyal to him, she is loyal to her own centrality, and afterwards she regrets, repents, and is ill and miserable.

(11) p. 52

(12) p. 53

(13) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 53

But all the time " she had a dull firmness of being, a sense of permanency." Lawrence knew how she felt; he understood how it was for a woman to rebel.

Potter lauds the book for being full of a certain positive quality, warmth and naivete and a quiet unsophistication. He means Lawrence praises "the earth and life connected with it as against the life of the intellect." Lawrence's publisher, Edward Garnett, did not like the book when he read it in manuscript, but the author defended it at length, explaining that he no longer believed in the old-fashioned way of conceiving character in a certain moral scheme. That which was non-human in humanity was now appealing to him more than what he called the old-fashioned human element. It was a kind of reiteration of the diamond-carbon-coal idea. This non-human quality might be interpreted, however, as the abnormal responses Lawrence started to write about.

Much to Lawrence's disappointment, the book was suppressed when it appeared in 1915.

But Lawrence continued his writing. First he rewrote his beautiful travel sketches, Twilight in Italy, and then he wrote an essay called "The Crown," which was to remain one of his most important essays. Reflexions on the Death of a Porcupine was also composed in part.

During 1916 Lawrence wrote Women in Love, which he meant as a sequel to The Rainbow, although the narrative link between the two novels is patently artificial. Gregory believes that the outgrowth of Women in Love from The Rainbow was the evolution of certain rapidly forming convictions in Lawrence's mind, convictions which had remained unsatisfied by the projection of the Rainbow symbol. "In this transition between The Rainbow and Aaron's Rod "(Gregory felt the period continued that long a time) "He had lost immediate contact with the hope of regeneration that the earlier book had prophesied. Despite the fact that he regarded the war as a phase of a larger conflict in human behavior, something of its disintegrating force had entered his blood and thwarted his purpose. He was growing toward a conception of personal leadership and he wished to find some way of stating his convictions in absolute terms, yet his reactions to his environment were purely negative--he saw death everywhere." (14)

We have already seen how Lawrence was a war victim and how he yearned to lead. Further discussion of his later books will emphasize this craving more.

The action of Women in Love is obviously pre-war, yet for those who read it when it first appeared in 1920, four years after it was written (owing to the prejudice against Lawrence because of the condemnation of The Rainbow), it seemed to represent a perfect summation of the post-war attitude. Superficially the four important people in the novel are scarcely human beings at all but seem to be gigantic personifications of the sex act. Here Lawrence shows abnormal attitudes...uncontrolled emotions. All this, however, is an impression that oversimplified Lawrence's intention, and for this reason the book must be examined at some distance apart from a literal interpretation.

In the characters portrayed there is an imperfect distribution of male and female qualities in men and women. Potter verifies this in his analysis of Hermione intersprinkled with Lawrence's descriptions: "So far from wanting contact with people 'she seeks to make herself invulnerable, beyond reach of the world's judgment.' But there was a flaw in her armour.' It was a lack of robust self; she had no natural sufficiency, there was a terrible lack, a deficiency of being within her.' However she might build up intellectual outworks of sensibility to the arts and knowledge of artistic subjects and movements and dogmas of living beautifully, perhaps helpfully--sometimes

almost forcing other people to live 'beautifully' too-- she could not avoid the truth." (15)

Fortunately there is here the Lawrence man described in the preceding chapter. He is David and comes to protect her from this fearful realization. David is Lawrence who desires to protect all people from similar realizations. He presents the story of Lawrence versus the world where such people can exist.

Before the novel can be finished there must be Birkin, however. He comes to knock down Hermione, although actually, she defeats him. In a madness of frustrated sexual passion, she strikes him on the head with a lapis-lazuli ornament; but he wriggles clear, he gets out, and does for her--like David, at a distance--by the negative method of not being affected by her, not giving in to her, not being what she wants him to be. He keeps clear.

This part of the book written, there is a sense of pressure relieved and Lawrence feels free to turn to its causes. He now sees so clearly that it is all because there is something wrong in our activities. So its result in life cannot better be explained than by a word which implies activity of a wrong sort--namely corruption.

He sees how the world has become corrupt. It's because everything we do is still on the same worn-out place which has lived and relived till there is nothing left of it except what has gone rotten with use. It is just as he said in "The Crown": "Whatever single act is performed by any man now, in this condition, it is an act of reduction, disintegration. The scientist in his laboratory, the artist in his study, the statesman, the artisan, the sensualist obtaining keen gratification.... Dimitri Karamazov....Dostoevsky has shown us perfectly the utter subjection of all human life to the flux of corruption." (16)

So in this book Lawrence applies a new criterion: not the standard of centrality, but the criterion of the effect of this lack, corruption. He describes his men and women either as part of the corrupting processes of the world, or as able to stand apart, with the ability to create themselves into a new way of life, a way from corruption.

As a component of the general process of disintegration he describes Gerald, typical of the "blond, Northern" way of corruption. He is tall and splendid, a fair-haired Englishman--brave and capable, able to

(16) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 63

control a great mining works, able to hold a company of people together and take charge of them by his personality. He was never at a loss, and among women "my word he came out like a dandelion in the sun! He's a whole saturnalia in himself, once he is roused....he seems to reap the women like a harvest." (17)

Gerald's trying to make sure of himself by being a Don Juan, going from one woman to another and trying to feel himself safe in them, keeps him constantly disturbed, destroys his tremendous "go." As the book proceeds, he "experiences more and more a sense of exposure...when he was alone in the evening and had nothing to do, he suddenly stood up in terror, not knowing what he was." (18)

This character was a healthy modern young man, much above the average in attainments. Yet all the time he felt a faint, small but final "sterile" horror. He gets momentary relief from Gudrun--into her he poured all his pent-up darkness and corrosive death, and he was whole again. This way of destroying sex Lawrence particularly hated.

Gudrun is typical of the sensual mode. She is beautiful and accomplished, clever in her work--she is an artist. Lawrence says, however, that there was always with

(17) p. 64

(18) p. 64

her, "this desolating, agonizing feeling, that she was outside life." She could not take even her art seriously-- "she feels she might give herself away." Like Gerald she is commanding and imperious and attractive, and spasmodically abandons herself to "orgiastic passion"; but she has no real quietness--there is really nothing there, no Gudrun, and she realizes it lying alone in her room. Then she longs for someone, but not for Gerald; he needed somebody to help him in the same way.

That the world is not going the way of corruption along with Gerald and Gudrun, Lawrence makes clear by presenting himself in the book in the persons of Birkin and Ursula. For besides wanting to account for the world and the wrong in it from which he suffered, Lawrence accounts for himself. Gerald dies; Birkin does not die. He has roots and the power to recreate himself out of the elements into which, as part of the corruptive process of modern life, he too is disintegrating.

With this idea of rejuvenation, the book begins to pick up a more hopeful view, and then the reader begins to feel the relief Lawrence felt when he recorded the corruption. The process of Birkin's renewal is also sketched in Women in Love. In the first pages, Birkin is a part of

the general corruption in which the other characters are fixed. He is far from all right, and as Lawrence says, "he who was so near to being gone with the rest of his race down the slope of mechanical death" is ultimately rescued by his contact with Ursula.

Birkin knows that whereas there is no real Gudrun, there is a real Ursula, and to get at this Birkin tries to approach her without there being preconceptions of love and sex on her side or his. She tries to insist that it is love. What is there besides? "Why, there is a final me which is stark and impersonal and beyond responsibility: so there is a final you. And it is there I would want to meet you...not a mingling, but an equilibrium, a pure balance of two single beings." (19)

Again Lawrence expresses his belief that the relationship is not a mingling, but an equilibrium. How sturdily this view upholds that one of marriage being a "mutual exchange of revelation!"

During the course of the book, after many battles, Birkin achieves the equilibrium he sought. Because he has lived the sexual experience, he has not used sex for gratification or as a means to children or as a means to calm away feelings of insufficiency. Lawrence felt people (19) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 67

should live the sexual experience for the understanding of that great something beyond man, as we have already indicated. Because Birkin does have a realization of this type, he becomes the ideal Lawrence man and is considered strong and even immortal. Lawrence labels the experience as "never to be seen with the eye, or known with the mind, only known as a palpable revelation of living otherness." (20)

The writing of Women in Love marks the end of the second period in Lawrence's development. For nearly three years afterward he wrote nothing. He remained in England till the end of the war, and in the autumn of 1919, finally left for Italy.

The second period was a difficult one of writing and delayed publishing. The war had added to his mental turmoil, and the busy author realized he must have a rest, a change of environment before he could write any more. The passionate exploration of life had tired him.

(20) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 68

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With the end of the war, Lawrence felt himself ready for new action. He plunged into a period of peaceful living and began releasing great amounts of literary work. His views were steadfast, and his ambition was invincible. The third period of D. H.'s career is the most prolific and most important.

Chapter VI

Lawrence Versus the World

Soon after Lawrence had left England in 1919 he completed The Last Girl in the hope that it would meet some popular success. In intention, it was his "best-seller". It is a pure and beautiful story, full of life, and humor and still his deep seriousness.

As a best seller it was unsuccessful, however, because those who were offended with Lawrence when he was serious, were offended with him for not being serious. He was still serious but in a different and captivating way.

In the last three chapters of The Last Girl Lawrence's exquisite tenderness comes to a full and delicate

Chapter 17

Lawrence Versus the World

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 glaze of spring in the mountains is perfectly beautiful,
 yet not one whit more delicate than the picture of the
 human struggle which is, as it were, part of the same lan-
 dscape beauty. Background and events are one.

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With the end of the war, Lawrence told himself
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ing living and began receiving great amounts of literary
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mensely. The third period of D. H. Lawrence is the most
productive and most important.

Soon after Lawrence had left England in 1919 he
published The Last Day in the hope that it would have
some popular success. In intention, it was his "best
work". It is a pure and beautiful story, full of life,
and power and with his deep symbolism.

In a way which it was characteristic, however,
because those who were interested with Lawrence when he was
young, were interested with his for his own sake.
He was still young and in a different and surprising

way.
In the last lines of The Last Day Lawrence
expresses a feeling which seems to be a full and complete

flowering. The description of the bitter winter and the gleams of spring in the mountains is perfectly beautiful, yet not one whit more delicate than the picture of the human struggle which is, as it were, part of the same desperate beauty. Background and events are one.

What is certain at this moment is that Lawrence buried what hatred he felt. He did not want to feel it now. Perhaps he wanted only to think of an England untouched by war. At any rate, he seems to desire to record only things lovely and of good report. This he does especially in his magnificent chapters on life in the Alban Mountains.

Lawrence followed The Lost Girl with Aaron's Rod in which he himself seemed to emerge as a prophet. He reveals an awareness of a sickness--homosexuality, another abnormal quality about which Lawrence wrote and drew psychological analyses in fictional patterns.

Aaron's Rod is a direct clarification of the problems raised in Women in Love. In the earlier novel it is clear enough that women are not fulfilling their destiny, and in their failure they personify a kind of death. The male characters, however, lack the strength to dominate the situation; their leadership is wavering and uncertain, scarcely leadership at all. Lawrence now wanted

to present his interpretation of strong leadership and what it meant to society.

Between the writing of the two novels there had been a two-year gap, sparsely filled with short stories, poems, essays, and beyond it, four years of writing until the book was finished--six years in all, a long time when one considers the short span of Lawrence's creative life.

Aaron's Rod concerns friendship, the real contact between man, first. During the progress of the book there is a strange turn from the advocacy of friendship to the promotion of leadership.

Three paragraphs from Fantasia of the Unconscious confess more simply and directly what Lawrence probably wished his book to declare. And it perhaps confesses too the longing of the author's heart.

"Our leaders have not loved men; they have loved ideas, and have been willing to sacrifice passionate men on the altars of the blood-drinking ever ash-thirsty ideal. Has President Wilson, or Karl Marx, or Bernard Shaw ever felt one hot blood-pulse of love for the working man, the half-conscious, de-luded working man?....

"And me? There is no danger of the working man ever reading my books, so I shan't hurt him that way. But oh, I would like to save him alive, in his living spontaneous, original being. I can't help it. It is my passionate instinct.

"I would like him to give me back the responsibility which he can't acquit, and which saps his life. I would like him to give me back the responsibility for thought, for direction. I wish we could take hope and belief together. I would under-

take my share of the responsibility if he gave me his belief." (1)

"Our leaders have not loved men." If it is not evident by this time that Lawrence did love them, it never will be. "A leader who loved men"--to be this was his dream. And his dream will come true, as the dreams of great prophets always come true--but not in their lifetimes nor in the warm immediacy for which they yearn.

In Aaron Sisson, the name character of the book, Lawrence imagined the friend and brother who should form with him the nucleus of a new society, whose failure to manifest himself jarred Lawrence so deeply. Lawrence himself is in the book. He is Rawdon Lilly. And Aaron is the friend of his dream. That he is and will remain a dream, Lawrence half recognizes by leaving the final outcome undecided.

Within the last chapter Lilly calls upon Aaron to submit to something in him--but what is Lilly to submit to in Aaron? Where is the essential nature of friendship--the mutual exchange of worlds? There is none. If Aaron is to be Lilly's friend, he must accept Lilly as his leader.

"Men," says Lilly to Aaron, "must submit to the greater soul in a man for their guidance; and women must submit to the positive power-soul in man for their being."

"You'll never get it," said Aaron.

"You will when all men want it. All men say they want a leader. Then let them in their souls submit to some greater soul than theirs. At present, when they say they want a leader, they mean they want an instrument, like Lloyd George. A mere instrument for their use. But it's more than that. It's the reverse. It's the deep, fathomless submission to the heroic soul in a greater man. You, Aaron, you have the need to submit. You, too, have the need livingly to yield to a more heroic soul, to give yourself. You know you have. And you know it isn't love. It is a life-submission. And you know it. But you kick against the pricks. And perhaps you'd rather die than yield. And so, die you must. It is your affair."

There was a long pause. Then Aaron looked up into Lilly's face. It was dark and remote-seeming. It was like a Byzantine ikon at the moment.

"And whom shall I submit to?" he said.

"Your soul will tell you," replied the other. (2)

What Lawrence felt here was a will to power, a will beyond love, a will beyond union and separation of individuals, because once that will is found, others are compelled to follow the man who possesses it. This was the leadership that Lawrence sought blindly in Women in Love and thought he found in Aaron's Rod. Yet his search still remained unsatisfied, for, having asserted male dominance, he was compelled to go farther, to give his ideal of male superiority a religious motive. "His impulse was to go round the world as a prophet tawls, leading his people into the promised land," critic Gregory asserts. (3)

(2) Quoted by Murry in Son of Woman, p. 180

(3) p. 56

First he went to Italy. The books that followed included Birds, Beasts, and Flowers, a volume of verse, and Sea and Sardinia.

Frieda tells a Lawrence-revealing story about the manuscript of Sea and Sardinia. One day she found it in the water closet at Pontana Vecchia. "So I told him: 'But why did you put it there, it's such a pity, it's so nicely written and tidy.' I had then no idea it might have any value, only regretted the evenly written pages having this ignominious end. But no, he had a passion for destroying his own writing. He hated the personal touch.

"I would like to burn all my writing. Print is different. They can have it in print, my stuff." (4)

Other books during this period were New Poems, May, other verse, and the completed Look! We Have Come Through!, Movements in European History, "Touch and Go", a play in three acts; Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, and introduction to Memoir of the Foreign Legion, The Man Who Died, The Ladybird, etc., three novelettes, Tortoises, more verse, and perhaps most significant of all his works during the period, Fantasia of the Unconscious.

It was in the summer of 1920 when D.H. and
(4) p. 115.

Frieda were visiting Frieda's mother at Baden-Baden that Lawrence wrote Fantasia of the Unconscious, as he sat in the pine woods with a scribbling book on his knees. In the shorter book, Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, which preceded Fantasia, he had already tried to clarify his extensive reading in psychoanalysis, with this sort of result:

"On the first field of human consciousness-the first plane of consciousness-we locate four great spontaneous centres, two below the diaphragm, two above. These four centres control the four greatest organs. And they give rise to the whole basis of human consciousness. Functional and psychic at once, this is their first polar duality. But the polarity is further. The horizontal division of the diaphragm divides man forever into his individual duality, the duality of the upper and lower man, the two great bodies of upper and lower consciousness and function." (5)

As the reader can see, this kind of speculation does not help anyone to live, any more than pondering the law of gravity helps a man to climb a mountain.

Kingsmill believes that the impulse which made Lawrence grope among the roots of his being was the old craving to find something or someone capable of integrating his nature, and reissuing him into life in a fit state to exercise his will effectually. "For the time being, he was tired with the effort to find God 'in the

(5) Quoted by Kingsmill in The Life of D. H. Lawrence, p. 152.

flesh, in Woman.'" (6)

Throughout the Pantasia woman is relegated to a secondary position. "Primarily and supremely man is always the pioneer of life, adventuring onward into the unknown, alone with his own temerarious, dauntless soul. Woman for him exists only in the twilight, by the camp fire." (7) Lawrence felt man must take a new resolution into his soul, he must know that he is a man, and being a man must go on alone, ahead of woman, to break a way through the old world into the new. He must make the woman believe in him as a real pioneer, he must make her yield her goal to his.

In this pioneering an alliance with another man might play its part. Now the reader begins to understand more about Aaron's Rod. In the Pantasia Lawrence also says: "Wait quietly, in the possession of your own soul, till you meet another man who has made the choice, and kept it. Then you will know him by the look on his face: half a dangerous look, a look of Cain, and half a look of gathered beauty. Then you two will make the nucleus of a new society--Coray! Bis! Bis!" (8)

"So far as one can salvage anything concrete out of Pantasia of the Unconscious, "Kingsmill declares,

(6) p. 152.

(7) p. 152.

(8) p. 212-3.

"It is a belief in the possibility of reestablishing some kind of connection, once known and now forgotten, between man and the cosmos. Disgusted with the will as he had experienced it in his own life, and observed its working in the world, Lawrence now hoped to disinter somewhere or other, in Etruria perhaps or Mexico, a mode of power which would be finally satisfying. 'I honestly think that the great pagan world of which Egypt and Greece were the last living terms....had a vast and perhaps perfect science of its own, a science in terms of life...(9)Druids or Etruscans or Chaldeans or Amerindians or Chinese refused to forget, but taught the old wisdom, only in its half-forgotten, symbolic forms. More or less forgotten, as knowledge: remembered as ritual, gesture, and myth-story.' " (10)

The core of this old wisdom is the interrelation of man and the sun. The last sentence in Lawrence's last book, Apocalypse, is: "Start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen."

The first intimation in Lawrence's work of this solution of life's problems occurs in the Fantasia, when he passes from talk about the great sympathetic center of the solar plexus and the great voluntary

(9) p. ix.

(10) p. xi.

center of the lumbar ganglion to explain that the cosmos is the aggregate of the dead bodies and dead energies of bygone individuals. "The sun is materially composed of all the effluence of the dead. But the quick of the sun is polarized with the living, the sun's quick is polarized in dynamic relation with the quick of life in all living things, that is, with the solar plexus in mankind. A direct dynamic connection between my solar plexus and the sun." (11)

However little the reader may enjoy reading the Fantasia, there can be no doubt that Lawrence thoroughly enjoyed writing it.

Even Murry, Lawrence's betrayer, commends the book, claims it is Lawrence's best. "I have read it many times since he first sent it to me in the spring of 1923. Then I read it with an instant quickening of the life that is within; and everytime I have read it since, the same sense of instant quickening has returned. I cannot doubt that it will be a fountain of life for many years to come, and to generations yet unborn." (12)

The importance of Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious, which are really one book, is two-fold. They are a deliberate statement

(11) p. 222-3.

(12) p. 152.

of his philosophy; and they are an essential commentary on his imaginative work, as has already been indicated in chapter IV. In the preface to the Pantasia, written after the book was finished, he adds "one last weary little word."

"This pseudo-philosophy of mine-- 'pollyanalytics', as one of my respected critics might say--is deduced from the novels and poems, not the reverse. The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude toward oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experiences as a writer and as a man. The novels and poems are pure passionate experience. These 'pollyanalytics' are inferences made afterwards from the experience." (13)

In the Pantasia a Lawrence fan who doesn't quite understand the meaning of his idealism will discover he uses the word in a larger and narrower sense than the ordinary. It is larger, in that "idealism" means for him not merely the supremacy of the ideal, but of the idea; it is narrower, in that it means the assertion of the supremacy of the idea in the passional sphere. Thus the triumph of the basic principles of psychoanalysis is a triumph of "idealism," for these principles assert the way to health is to become completely conscious of the sex-impulse within

(13) p. xiv.

us. And these principles are now become a commonplace of psychology and education.

Lawrence was in this respect a truly prophetic man. The whole of his life, the whole of his work, was a struggle to overcome his own mental "idealism." This struggle, like the struggle of any heroic soul, was forced upon him by the necessities of his nature; it was essentially his own struggle; but it was a struggle on our behalf. Murry states that even when he seems most absolutely to deny his fellow men, he is fighting for them. "Ultimately, in all he did, Lawrence was a hero-- the hero of our time." (14)

Here Murry lauds Lawrence, although he seldom does, but there is still the undertone that it is Lawrence's own problem, that he's alone in the world, because he was so 'different,' or as you might wish, it would be more Murry-like to say 'perverted.' Lawrence, however, was essentially human and normal. Why would he care to write his 'pseudo-philosophy' in the Fantasia to explain how he was thinking when he wrote his novels? Why would he want people to read and understand his psychology? Why would he have written such a straightforward, factual, though mystical book like it? (14) p. 158.

Lawrence sincerely believed that the true unconscious cannot be mentally known, but only experienced. He calls this mode of experiencing the unconscious in living creatures outside ourselves "dynamic objective apprehension". From the time of William Blake we have been calling it imagination.

In Lawrence's view, there are then four elements of the true unconscious: two on the objective spiritual plane, two on the subjective sexual. Each has to be nourished and brought to perfection, and perfect equilibrium between them all maintained. This is the real business of life.

Lawrence holds the balance quite evenly between the "spiritual" and the "sensual" man. We have to be developed in both modes to be full men. What he insists upon is that the "spiritual" mode is not the "intellectual."

Murry believes that we may connect the wisdom of Lawrence with the wisdom of Keats. "Keats, in his letter on Soul-Making, accepts the traditional distinction of man into Body, Heart, and Mind. Body corresponds to Lawrence's sensual centres, Heart to his spiritual centres. 'The heart,' says Keats, 'is the Mind's Bible, the text from which it sucks its identity,' and by this profound submission the

Mind becomes Soul. 'Yes,' Lawrence would reply, 'that is true, but only half the truth. Body no less than Heart is the Mind's Bible; the sensual centres no less than the spiritual.' And Keats would have agreed and have been grateful to him for this new clarity which did not deny, but only completed, his own insight. Both saw clearly that Mind was only an instrument. It was the means by which-- in this matter of individual self-achievement--Body and Heart , the sensual and spiritual centres, attained to their own self-expression; the means by which the true equilibrium of the fourfold being could be attained and know itself as existing."(17)

It is believed that because Fantasia of the Uncon- was published first in America it was addressed to the American people whom Lawrence may have wanted to lead.

At any rate, this indirect request might have proved ineffective, so Lawrence decided to get free of his past life and to form a path toward the leadership castle by leaving Europe. In the spring of 1922 he set out for America in person.

While travelling to the states via Australia, he settled in Sydney for a while. During those weeks there he met a nurse, M.L. Skinner, who showed him a novel she had

kind becomes hard. 'Yes,' Lawrence would reply, 'that is true, but only half the truth. Now he has been found to be the kind's kind; the commonest creature no less than the spiritual.' And Lawrence would have agreed and have been grateful to him for this new clarity which this new clarity has only completed, his own insight, both new clarity

that kind was only an instrument. It was the means by which in this manner of individual self-determination--body and mind--the spiritual and spiritual center, sustained by their own self-expression, the means by which the new realization of the world's being could be attained and thus itself as existing. (17)

It is believed that Lawrence's *Lawrence of the West*

was published first in America. It was introduced to the American people when Lawrence was then twenty-five. At my table, this incident seemed almost to have proved itself, as Lawrence decided to put first of his last life and to take a path toward the leadership of the young people. In the spring of 1912 he set out for America in person.

While traveling to the states via the Pacific, he arrived in New York in a hotel, where he was met by a group of people, who showed him a novel and had

written. Lawrence was impressed by it, and promised to rewrite it. The Boy in the Bush is what emerged. Murry says, "It is an important document in Lawrence's soul-adventure; but it cannot be understood except as a sequel to the novel of Australia that is wholly his own, namely Kangaroo." (18)

This is a chaotic book. It has many passages of great descriptive beauty, but internally it is a chaos, a story of the chaos of Richard Lovat Somers, who is Lawrence. It was Lawrence's first attempt at fulfilling his destiny as a leader, but it is a failure because Lawrence realizes he cannot be a leader. So Somers is pulled down by the Kangaroo affair, and he is frightened into a sort of police fear by Jack and the others who are almost threateningly disappointed in him. He is reminded of his feelings in the war and thinks them out. He goes all through it. Then he realizes he must get rid of all his rages and hate. "For there was no digesting it. He had been trying that for years, and roaming the face of the earth trying to soothe himself with the sops of travel and new experience and scenery." (19)

Lawrence, in the role of Somers, was beginning to feel there was something he was denying, but he would not

(18) p. 217

(19) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 86

yet submit to the fact which he half knew: that before mankind would accept any man for a being, and before Harriet would even accept him, as lord and master, he must open the doors of his soul, and let in a dark Lord and Master for himself.

There the book took him to his realization and left him.

In the autumn of 1922 the Lawrences set out from Australia for the United States. On arriving at California, they headed straight toward Taos, New Mexico, where they were to visit Mabel Luhan Dodge.

Lawrence's first American book, Studies in Classical American Literature, resulted. It was followed when Lawrence went to Guadalajara by The Plumed Serpent. Frieda says, "He sat by the lake (of Chapala) under a pepper tree writing it... At the end of the patio (of the house) we had a family that Lawrence describes in the Plumed Serpent, and all the life of Chapala." (20)

In this, the most anti-intellectual of all Lawrence's books, there are no more attacks on the corruption of Europe, no more devastating portraits of centreless people meaninglessly detached from life. Yet for the sake of the novel there is the theme of a woman, Kate--an Ursula, whom
(20) p. 139

the Lawrence of the book, Cipriano, wants to marry and for whom Kate, before she is ready, has to disentangle herself bit by bit from the last strands of her humannesses and ego and old European associations. There is the drama of her struggling to keep clear of and struggling at the same time to keep in last regretful contact with these entanglements. She is almost ready to abandon herself as Cipriano-- "now I have only one thing to do--not to get caught up in the world's cog-wheels any more, and not to lose my hold on the hidden greater thing." (21)

Lawrence feels and declares here that men unfortunately are like monkeys. They always tangle themselves with other people. He believes they must not do so but must separate from people. They must not let humanity dominate their consciousness. The only way to prevent this was to hate people and humanity and to escape them by passing "beyond them", by recognizing the emancipation of their own being.

Kate succeeds in going beyond people and beyond herself. The last chapter of the book is called "Here." Kate's hankering for London is gone by this time, and as she has said all along, she has only been superficially (21) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p.91-2

unwilling. By now she has succeeded in shedding completely her old life. "Ye must be born again...Out of the fight with the octopus of life, the dragon of degenerate or incomplete existence, one must win the soft bloom of being."

(22)

Gregory feels that in some respects The Plumed Serpent is the worst of all Lawrence's novels. Here, he declares, his characteristic rhythms of prose are often lost, and as the book starts, the uneven mixture of American and English idioms is quite enough to discourage even his most enthusiastic admirers.

It is in The Plumed Serpent, however, that one finds the best exposition of Lawrence's sex symbolism. We are to remember that Lawrence guarded the actual experience of the sex act zealously. Its importance to him lay not in its obvious physical or psychological manifestations, but in its mystery, as has been stated already manifold times in this paper.

This explains in part one point on which all biographers agree: that Lawrence was essentially a Puritan and therefore his particular use of the sex symbol in his writing is a way of implying that there are more things in heaven and earth than we can understand--we can feel them, realize them, but we cannot reason them in or out of existence.

(22) Quoted by Potter in his First Study, p. 91-2

When Lawrence finished The Plumed Serpent, he was already very ill. Frieda intimates that he was dissatisfied with it because: "Later on he told me he wished he had finished it differently." (23)

The book was soon followed by other including: Mornings in Mexico, The Women Who Rode Away, St. Mawr, Etruscan Studies, The Virgin and the Gipsy, and the last work of the period, "David," a play.

Lawrence opened his fourth period by presenting the world with a book that has since been acclaimed one of the Lawrence immortals. It was Lady Chatterley's Lover, another of those banned for obscenity.

Again Lawrence was concerned with abnormalities and maladjustments. This book is a plea for normal sex relationship as opposed to the sexual maladjustment of a sick world. Although there are numerous love scenes, they are not so impressive as the conversations that follow the physical encounters. Gregory attributes this to the book's being a "novel of talk, of direct preachment not at all unlike the conversational verve that enters a number of Bernard Shaw's plays." (24)

(23) p. 149

(24) p. 78

Mellors, one of the leading characters, preaches a doctrine of the individual against the world, and his success is symbolized by the sexual relationship with a lady. Yet it is important that Mellors is more than a mere sex machine; his strength must be sufficient to change the world and there must be at least one convert to his cause. The convert is the lady, and the cause is the restoration of male confidence; the conversion is won by the slow breaking down of human distrust by tenderness.

For Lawrence the statement was complete. He had come to realize that his sense of power could not be gratified by mere leadership and that its source lay in the definitely anti-social activity of translating his emotions into words. To be alone was the first step toward a renewal at the source, and the act of writing was a manifestation of its essential truth.

Lawrence's correspondence contains a number of attempts to explain what he was aiming at in this book. It was, he said, a tender and delicate phallic novel, a novel of the phallic consciousness as against the mental consciousness of the day. It was not to be labeled 'sex' for the modern sex is only a mental reaction, a hopelessly cerebral affair, and what he believed in was the true phallic consciousness.

To one correspondent he wrote that it was a book for young men and women at twenty, when the mind needs something concrete to work on, and ought not to grind away in abstract reflections on sex. To another he wrote: "I believe the consciousness of man has now to embrace the emotions and passions of sex, and the deep effects of human physical contact." (25)

Lawrence's health grew rapidly worse while he was writing the book. He wrote to a friend in the late summer of 1927, "I'm in despair. I've been in bed this last week with bronchial hemorrhages--due, radically, to chagrin--though I was born bronchial--born in chagrin, too."

When the book was finished, there was some debate about whether to publish it. The reader might remember Frieda's anecdote of their final decision to print. She continues, "When it was done(in print), stacks and stacks of Lady Chatterley's Lover, or Our Lady, as we called it--were sitting on the floor of Orioli's shop. There seemed such a terrific lot of them that I said in terror: 'We shall never sell all these!' A great many were sold before there was a row; first some did not arrive at their destination in America, then there came abuse from England... but it was done...his last great effort." (26)

(25) Quoted by Kingsmill in The Life of D.H. Lawrence, p.232
(26) p. 193

Kingsmill writes: "He had done it...and future generations will benefit, his own race that he loved and his own class, that is less inhibited, for he spoke out of them and for them, there in Tuscany, where the different culture of another race gave the impetus to his work." (27)

That's what Lawrence accomplished.

Gregory declares that no novelist (or poet) living today finds it necessary to continue the half-century fight for sexual liberation in English writing, because "after Lady Chatterley's Lover all subsequent uses of the sex symbol are anticlimactic. It had been a long fight from the publication of Whitman's Song of the Body through the Oscar Wilde trial, through twenty years of Freud to this last writing of a novel printed in Italy and Paris; the fight was won in 1928." (28)

Kingsmill justifies the obscenity, which kept the book banned. "The obscenity in Lady Chatterley's Lover is of the painstaking, unimaginative kind which was inseparable from the nature of the book, whether one accepts Lawrence's view of it as a tract to teach the young idea how to shoot, or regards it as his attempt to assert his manhood, and to revenge himself on society by seducing a baronet's wife in

(27) p. 194
(28) p. 95-6

the person of a gunkeeper. To be solemn about the organs of generation is only possible to someone who, like Lawrence, has deified the will and denied the spirit. If the sexual act is viewed apart from the other than physical emotions which accompany it, it is either cosmic or disgusting.

Imaginative writers convey passion without using physical details, and are obscene only when they are being humorous about sex, like Rabelais, or are nauseated by it, like

Shakespeare in 'Troilus and Cressida' and 'Timon of Athens.' " (29)

To this book, Lawrence added his collection of "Pansies," shorthand notes that were to take the place of poems. For him "Pansies" were a rather a special kind of journalism and today, Gregory believes, it is only their journalistic quality that survives.

Lawrence worked till the very end. Besides "Pansies" he wrote "Nettles," "Last Poems," and Apocalypse, a commentary on the Book of Revelation before his death.

In reading the last pages of Apocalypse the reader should remind himself that the only power Lawrence respected was the power of creation. All manipulation of that power toward other ends awakened his bitterest distrust. To him leadership had come to mean an actual perversion of creative energy--and the modern instruments of leadership, money or

machines, learning or the sciences, were contaminated by the suppression of the creative spirit, that all these denied the right of man to live in the flesh, to be flesh itself which renews its power every morning, after sleep, which is our substitute for death.

"For man the vast marvel is to be alive. For man and beast and bird, the supreme triumph is to be most vividly, most perfectly alive....I am part of the earth my feet know perfectly, and my blood is a part of the sea. My soul knows that I am a part of the human race, my soul is an organic part of the great human soul, as my spirit is part of my nation. In my own very self, I am part of my family. There is nothing of me that is alone and absolute except my mind, and we shall find that the mind has no existence by itself, it is only the glitter of the sun on the surface of the waters.

"So that my individualism is really an illusion. I am part of the great whole, and I can never escape. But I can deny my connexions, break them, and become a fragment. Then I am wretched.

"What we want is to destroy our false, inorganic connexion with the cosmos, the sun and earth, with mankind and nation and family. Start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen."

The journey from The White Peacock to Lady Chatterley's Lover lasted just a few years, but it was an eventful trip. Gregory summarizes the literary development and transformation of Lawrence briefly but thoroughly, and we borrow his guide to retrace quickly Lawrence's career.

"The very early poems and The White Peacock translate sex into terms of lyrical, Georgian emotion. Love is an out-of-doors emotion and its setting is the pre-war English countryside, the farm. Following this is the ominous confusion of The Trespasser which is resolved in Sons and Lovers, and there we find the origin of Laurencian darkness, with the flame of life represented in Paul Morel's father. The pull backward toward incest is a 'drift toward death,' and this background pull is associated with female dominance. This dominance is partially broken in Look! We Have Come Through! and in The Rainbow, but in The Rainbow sexual emotion is enclosed by the Cathedral, it is no longer the free, Georgian out-door emotion, and its gain in power is not purely animal but religious.

"In Women in Love the distrust of the civilized woman mounts and the West African savage, pure female, is a distant hope toward a solution, and in Aaron's Rod the problem can be solved only by male dominance, for again, as in Sons and Lovers, the image of the female represents the breaking of man's integrity, the strong pull backward." (30)

More important than sex itself is the male urge toward leadership and the function of a messiah of the individual soul. This is expressed again in The Plumed

Serpent. Here, however, there is the reintroduction of a woman to test the messiah's strength. In Lady Chatterley's Lover the tangible weapons of male leadership are discarded and power or tenderness is a mutual flow of love, unforced, unchecked, between men and women. This last phase is a return with noticeable variation to the combined lyricism of The White Peacock and The Rainbow.

In conclusion, the reader discovers that Lawrence's writings fall not as harmoniously as they sound into a broken cycle of which the main steps are: sex as a lyrical emotion, then, as the origin of mystery and of religion, the key to leadership, and before one realizes, it again appears as a Georgian emotion based on real love. Only Lawrence could take it through these various stages, handle it so briskly and tenderly at particular times, indicate the good and harm of it and bring it back to its beginning point from where the reader is told to take over and form his own conclusions.

After doing a project of research on an author, one feels that he has actually become acquainted with him. I consider Lawrence a friend of mine now, and I think he perhaps might have put me in the same category if we had ever happened to meet, for it was his philosophy that all his friends should fundamentally agree with him.

Conclusions
Although I had no personal contact with Lawrence, I shall not forget an anecdote which he told me by a friend. It is entirely fitting that I begin my conclusions by relating it here, for it summarizes adequately the main theme of this thesis.

Some time after Lawrence's death, my friend was down in Tucson, New Mexico. Spontaneously she decided to talk with Isabel Dodge Isham or her Indian husband, Tony, about D.H., and when she made the attempt to contact them, she succeeded in arranging an appointment with Tony.

"He was dressed in a black, very formal business suit, and it was very strange to see him wearing long braided pig tails. I met him at a jazz tavern and at once asked him about D.H. Lawrence. Just as immediately he said in a long-drawn low voice: 'Lawrence is a friend of mine'."

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Sometime after Lawrence's death, my friend was down in Taos, New Mexico. Spontaneously she decided to talk with Mabel Dodge Luhan or her Indian husband, Tony, about D.H., and when she made the attempt to contact them, she succeeded in arranging an appointment with Tony.

"He was dressed in a black, very formal business suit, and it was very strange to see him wearing long braided pig tails. I met him at a Taos tavern and at once asked him about D.H. Lawrence. Just as immediately he said in a long-drawn low voice: 'Mr. Lawrence was a fine man-- an excellent man.' "

My friend wondered as we all have: "What was he like, though?"

Tony succinctly supplied: "He was like the trees. He did not need words. You could tell what he was like by his walk."

A person meeting Lawrence could tell what he was like by his walk. He was so expressive he did not need words. His eyes spoke for him, and his hands. Tony's words are to be valued and revered, for coming from an Indian whose race puts much emphasis on gestures, they are important and significant. They reveal that Lawrence was an exceptional man--great like the trees, humble enough to find talk unnecessary as a means of expression.

Yet Lawrence felt there was no "God-Almightiness" about himself. He knew he was D.H. Lawrence and that was all, so he wasn't high brow or low brow. He merely appreciated every single moment of life and consequently developed a deep sense of the reality of living. He believed

the art of living to be harder than the art of writing so practised it with the most refined and subtle sensitivity.

When he wrote, his motto was "Art for my sake." This meant he wrote because he had to, because he had something to say, because he had to express his feelings with words just as another would with kisses. He was possessed by his creative genius. He could not help himself.

This genius required a constant drive and a great deal of conscientious hard work. Lawrence worked to fulfill the requirements and gain his goal, but sometimes when writing became over strenuous, he complained, "I wish the fates had not stigmatized me writer."

Because he believed that most of men's activities were more or less criminal distractions, he refused to write of the main activities of the contemporary world. Therefore his books are filled with references and interpretations of sex, the unconscious, the word dark, savages, animals and the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost is an interesting term when used in the Lawrence manner, for it reveals the strangeness of his psychological concepts. Lawrence took an uncommon sense view of psychology, anyway, because he could always perceive the otherness behind the most reassuringly familiar phenomenon. The Holy Ghost in Lawrence's vocabulary was man's

self, which he is supposed to consummate, and which he mostly fails to do. It is part of the tripartite being, the other two sections of which include the mother within man, and the father within him.

Lawrence was primarily concerned with tripartite persons and their feelings. In developing characters he did not weave systems. His emphasis was not placed on the talk and appearance of his people, but on their emotions, conscious and unconscious. This is the essence of his writing; this is what makes him an artist as well as a man. He idealized human emotions and presented the interior depths of human feelings rather than the external appearance of human surface.

When he portrayed people, they were not human personalities in the accepted sense of the term, because he wrote of the "rejected" rather than the "accepted." They were men and women who could not live harmoniously in the complicated society of the world. For the most part they were nervous, discontented, unfulfilled, unhappy neurotics.

But Lawrence himself was not neurotic. He was normal, intelligent and loving. He was a human who could write objectively but warmly about the people he pitied, hated and loved at the same time.

His keen sensitivity caused him to believe that art should flower from an immediate impulse toward self-expression or communication and should wither with the passing of the impulse. He was determined, therefore, that all he produced should spring direct from the mysterious, irrational power within him. The conscious intellect should never be allowed to come and impose, after the event, its abstract pattern of perfection. As a result his novels and poems came unwatched out of his pen and are pure passionate experience.

Because he could catch and comprehend the impulse of the moment, Lawrence became concerned with the sex experience. This was significant to him, because it revealed the feeling inside people's hearts and because it brought the "immediate, non-mental knowledge of divine otherness to a focus--a focus of darkness..." as Huxley explains.

It is important to notice that Lawrence found Freud's method of interpreting everything by sex taboo. He declares it is going too far to attribute a sexual motive to all human activity. "All is not sex. And a sexual motive is not to be attributed to all human activities." There is a greater impulse, according to D.H. It is the desire of the human male to build a world up out of his own self and his own belief and his own effort, to create something wonderful

out of his own head. This is the prime motivity in Lawrence's estimation of the world, and the motivity of sex is subsidiary and sometimes even antagonistic to it.

A man who believed that the essential motive for all human activity was religious and creative cannot be labeled homosexual, psychopathic or abnormal in any way. Lawrence was entirely normal. His books may present characters who seem preoccupied with sex, but they are no criteria for judging the man who created them from his imagination. He had a horror of Don Juans and all knowing sensualists.

He wrote of sex, because it was one of the human emotions, because he hated the gutter environment to which it was being taken, because he wanted to prevent people from having tragic lives like those of his characters.

To Lawrence life was tragic. He expressed the tragedy in his books as only an artist could. Like a true artist he contrasted the feelings of one man with those of another. Like an artist he portrayed the feelings of youth and pain, manhood and contentment in descriptive passages, both tragic and pleasant.

And what did it all mean? To Lawrence it may have meant a new way of life--indeed a new way of life--"though possible only by a recovery of values so remote that they

are fecund from long forgetting, and as far out of mind as they are near to our blind fingers." (Mrs. Carswell states this in her introduction to The Savage Pilgrimage, page 23.) That his readers admit this new way of life is Lawrence's only hope. That they rip the old veil of vision across and find what the heart really wants and put it down in terms of belief and of knowledge and then go forward again to the fulfillment in life and art is his only purpose.

Abstract

W.B. Lawrence was an ambitious youth, eager to break away from his poor class and his mining village environment, desirous of attaining the level that his mother died to him during early childhood. He had a quiet, normal adolescence during which time he developed a friendship with Miriam, a neighbor's daughter, who encouraged and inspired him toward high ideals and toward the creation of a personal philosophy. **Abstract**

His first literary experience witnessed the failing of his mother's health and even after, her death, which left him aimless for a whole year following.

When he met Frieda Beckley who became his wife, he seemed to be rejuvenated, to gain a new enthusiasm through his love. They had an unusually happy home life together, although they did not have children as Lawrence wished they might, because of his own failing. He loved his wife, however, just as every man loves his wife because she made him sure of himself, "whole."

Lawrence was a victim of the world war, because he hated war. He was not a pacifist; he fought all his life, but he condemned the world war, because it was insane,

D.H. Lawrence was an ambitious youth, eager to break away from his poor class and his mining village environment, desirous of cutting the bond that his mother tied to him during early childhood. He had a quiet, normal adolescence during which time he developed a friendship with Miriam, a neighbor's daughter, who encouraged and inspired him toward high ideals and toward the creation of a personal philosophy.

His first literary successes witnessed the failing of his mother's health and soon after, her death, which left him miserable for a whole year following.

When he met Frieda Weekley who became his wife, he seemed to be rejuvenated, to gain a new enthusiasm through his love. They had an unusually happy home life together, although they did not have children as Lawrence wished they might, because of his own failing. He loved his wife, however, just as every man loves his wife because she made him sure of himself, "whole."

Lawrence was a victim of the world war, because he hated war. He was not a pacifist; he fought all his life, but he condemned the world war, because it was inhuman,

mechanical, destructive for no end. It was a terrific impediment to him, because he had been rejected for service due to a bronchial weakness, and because he and Frieda were accused of aiding the enemy.

What he wrote during the war amounted to very little, although The Rainbow which he personally considered better than anything he had written before appeared. With the help of J. Middleton Murry and his wife, Katherine Mansfield, and Lawrence's own little Frieda, he found escape to "Ranamin", an imaginary island of bliss, when he was most tortured by war thoughts.

When peace was declared the Lawrence return to peacetime living was accompanied by a new creative fertility. For ten years to follow Lawrence produced a steady stream of short stories, long novels, books of essays, poems and pamphlets. Peace also brought the tendency in Lawrence to express himself with great vigor and conviction like a man who had made up his mind.

Lawrence's desire to leave Europe was growing throughout 1921. Wandering about in Italy, Germany and Austria, usually with Frieda, but occasionally alone, he became restless. As if to answer his migrating urge there came from Mabel Dodge Luhan an invitation to her ranch in Taos, New Mexico. This was accepted and brought the

Lawrences to the United States in 1922.

The Lawrences found happiness here, but they returned at regular intervals to Europe till Lawrence's death in March, 1930, which occurred at Vence in Southern France, when Lawrence was just in the prime of his life, 45 years old;

Lawrence loved the art of which he was a master. If he could not write, he would just as soon have died. He wrote because he had to express himself. It was a passion with him, for he was possessed by his creative genius and could not help himself.

There were four periods to his career: the first ending with his mother's death; the second beginning with his meeting Frieda; the third starting, roughly with his leaving England in 1919 and continuing till his return in 1923, and the fourth and last period ending with his death on March 3, 1930.

Within this short career of about 20 years he produced numerous books, plays, poems, and essays. The most popular books and those mentioned in this thesis include: The White Peacock, The Trespasser, Sons and Lovers, Women in Love, The Rainbow, The Lost Girl, Aaron's Rod, Sea and Sardinia, Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, Fantasia of the Unconscious, Kangaroo, The Plumed Serpent, Lady Chatterley's Lover and Apocalypse.

iii His novels may seem strange because of their qualities of mystery and mysticism which makesome of them difficult to get through in spite of all their richness and unexpected beauty. Their strangeness is due more directly however to Lawrence's psychological concepts.

His main concern in writing was for people and their emotions. When he wrote about people, he did not describe their face and appearance alone but went deeper into their personality, and sought their heart and soul. He did not write of the general run of activities of life, because he did not consider them half so important as how people felt and reacted toward them, so he wrote of conscious and unconscious feelings.

Because abnormal people manifest feelings to an exaggerated degree, Lawrence frequently wrote of them. Consequently he is often accused of being neurotic and psychopathic himself, but this is an unjust, erroneous declaration, because he was absolutely normal, extraordinary however in his sensitivity and understanding of people.

Lastly, he wrote of sex, because it was one of the fundamental human emotions, but he did not give it so much importance as Freud. In fact he made it a secondary urge to something greater, the desire of man to build a world out of his own self and belief. Personally Lawrence hated all conscious libertines and sex perverts.

MEMORANDUM

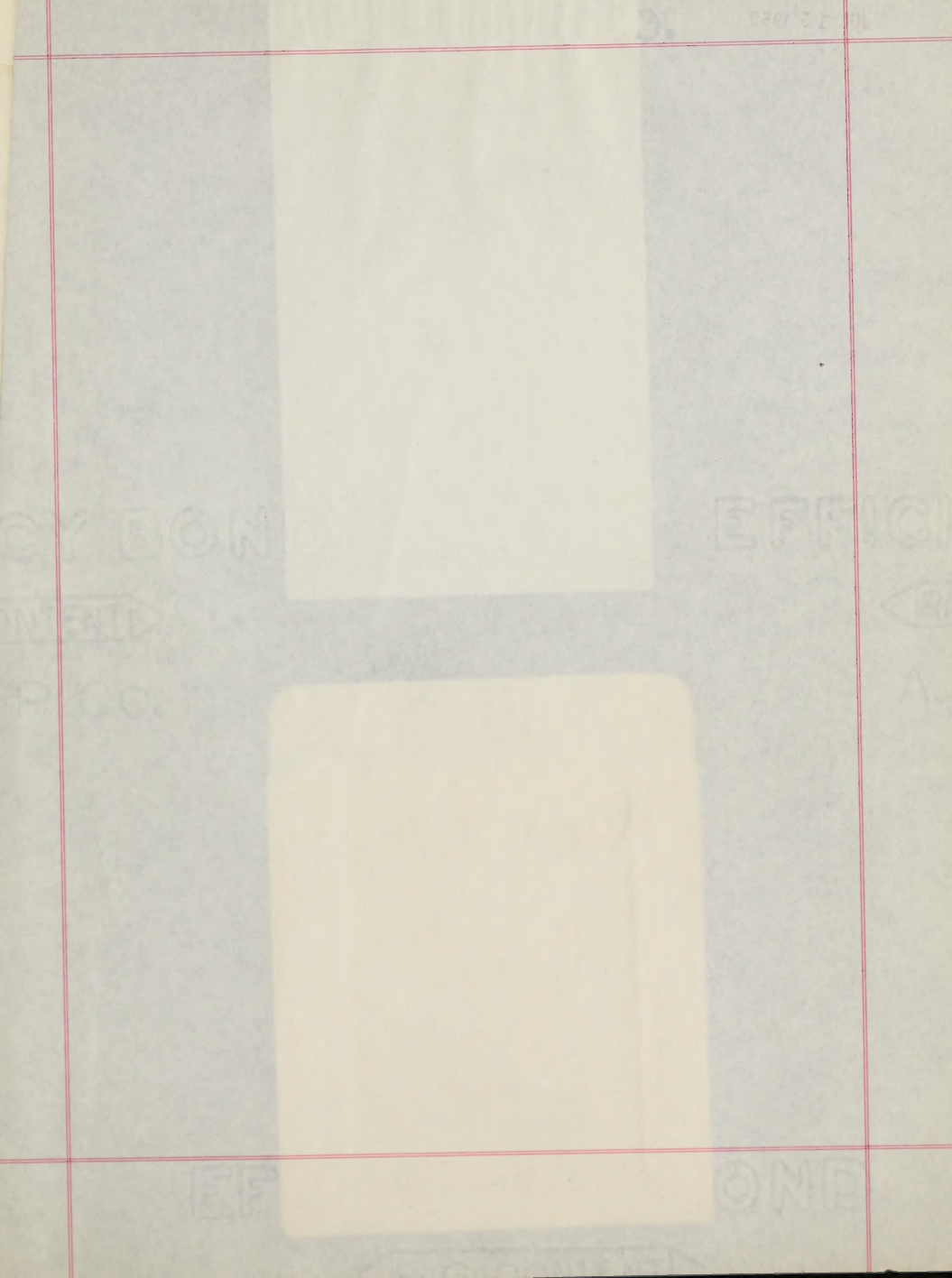
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